Cambria Freeman.

A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher.

"HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE."

Terms, $2 per year, in advance.

VOLUME IX. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JULY 30, 1875. NUMBER 27.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

By virtue of sundry writs of *Vend. Expon.*, *Fend. Expon. Plu. Vend. Expon. Levari Fac. Expon.* and *Fi. Fa.*, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria and to me directed, there will be exposed to Public Sale at the Court House in Ebensburg, on MONDAY, the 23d day of AUGUST next, at 1 o'clock, P. M., the following real estate, to wit:

ALL the right, title and interest of Michael [illegible] in and to a piece or lot of ground situate in the village of Nicktown, Barr township, Cambria county, Penn'a, fronting on the [illegible] and adjoining an alley on the south and N. Lambourn on the west, with a two story frame dwelling house and frame stable, now in the occupancy of Barnes Fogle. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Mary Heffner.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of John [illegible], of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Summerhill township, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining land of James Conrad, F. [illegible], William McGough, and others, containing [illegible] acres, more or less, about 40 acres cleared, having thereon erected a two story frame house and frame stable, now in the occupancy of Samuel Long. ALSO, a piece of ground situate in the village of Lilly's, Cambria county, Penn., on Pa. R. R. adjoining lots of Thomas Wm. Davis, and others, having thereon erected a two story plank house and plank stable, now in the occupancy of John Hamilton, a two story plank house, in the occupancy of [illegible] George, a one-and-a-half story plank house, in the occupancy of James Brawley. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of [illegible] & Co.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of John [illegible], of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Cresson township, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining lots of Ellen McGough, [illegible] thereon erected a two story frame house, now in the occupancy of Mrs. [illegible], and a frame barn, in the occupancy of S. A. [illegible]. ALSO, a piece or lot of ground situate in Gallitzin, Cambria county, Pa., fronting on Main street and [illegible] as alley, adjoining lots of [illegible] having thereon erected a two story frame house and frame barn, in the occupancy of S. A. McCullough. ALSO, a piece or lot of ground situate in Gallitzin aforesaid, fronting on the [illegible] Cambria county, Pa., bounded by lots of John A. Blair and Mrs. Weakland, and [illegible] Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of S. A. McCullough. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of S. Kilmordinger & Co.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of Mary [illegible] and her husband, John Seffert, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Susquehanna township, Cambria county, bounded by lands of Joshua Riblett, Robert Mears, and others, containing [illegible] more or less, about 80 acres, having thereon erected a one-and-a-half story frame house, in the occupancy of Barnes Fogle, a log house, log stable and [illegible], in the occupancy of Mrs. [illegible]. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Kerrin & Co.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of [illegible], in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Summerhill township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of George W. [illegible], Samuel M. Kern, and [illegible], containing 40 acres, more or less, about [illegible] having thereon erected a one-and-a-half story frame house and frame stable, in the occupancy of Abraham Crum. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of [illegible] & Son, now for use of [illegible].

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of Wilson [illegible], in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Summerhill township, Cambria county, bounded by lands of Daniel Underman, and Peter Bartnett, containing [illegible] more or less, about 50 acres cleared, having thereon erected a one story log house and [illegible] in the occupancy of the [illegible]. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Evans and W. H. Seckler, [illegible].

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of Wm. M. Woodcock, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Washington township, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining other lands of [illegible] Reade, Jacob Burgoon, and others, containing 60 acres, more or less, about [illegible] which are cleared having thereon erected a two story frame house and [illegible] in the occupancy of John [illegible]. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Wm. Wagle, executor of the last will and testament of Alex. H. McCormick, deceased.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of H. C. [illegible], of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in the West Ward of the Borough of Ebensburg, Cambria county, Pa., fronting on High street and extending back to Lloyd street, bounded by lot of E. R. Dunegan on the west and by an alley on the east, known and designated on the general plan of Ebensburg as Lot No. —, having thereon erected a two story frame house, an office and a stable, now in the occupancy of John Fenlon. ALSO, all the right, title and interest of John Fenlon, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in the Borough of Ebensburg, Cambria county, Penn'a, bounded and described as follows: The square or piece of ground bounded on the south by the Ebensburg and Cresson Rail Road, on the east by the road leading from Ebensburg to Wilmore, on the north by Triumph street, and on the west by Centre street, containing 4 acres, more or less, all of which are cleared and fenced, now in the occupancy of Thomas Griffith. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Patrick F. Howley.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of John W. Luther, of, in to a piece or parcel of land situate in Carroll township, Cambria county, Penn'a, adjoining lands of John Snyder, John Davis, Wm. Reighter, and others, containing 52 acres, more or less, about 35 acres cleared, having thereon erected a one-and-a-half story plank house and log barn, now in the occupancy of John W. Luther. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Jacob Sharbaugh.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of George Mears, of, in and to a certain piece or parcel of land situate in Summerhill township, Cambria county, Penn'a, adjoining lands of Henry Weaver, Jacob Weaver, Wm. Hawkins, and others, containing 498 acres, more or less, about 100 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a steam saw mill, two two story plank houses, and a plank stable, a one-and-a-half story plank house not now occupied, a two story double house, part plank and part log, and a plank stable, occupied by Jacob Hines and Hannah Crum, and a two story plank house occupied by Margaret Weaver. ALSO, a certain piece or parcel of land adjoining lands of James Burk, Daniel Neff, heirs of Daniel Fienner, and others, containing 220 acres, more or less, unimproved. ALSO, a piece or parcel of land situate at Portage Station, Washington township, Cambria county, Pa., fronting on Pa. R. R. and adjoining lots of Wm. Griffith, Philip Hopier, and others, containing 2 acres, more or less, having thereon erected a two story plank house and frame stable, now in the occupancy of Wilson Woodward. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Wm. M. Lloyd & Co.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of S. A. McCullough, of, in and to the following described building and lot of ground, to wit: All that certain large frame and weather-boarded two story house, situate on Main street, in the town of Chest Springs, fronting 50 feet on Main street and running back 200 feet to another house or old building, and the lot or piece of ground and curtilage appertenant thereto. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of D. K. Ramey.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third of the purchase money to be paid when the property is knocked down, and the remaining two-thirds upon confirmation of the Deed.

HERMAN BAUMER, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, July 12, 1875-3t.

STATEMENT OF SETTLEMENT

with the Supervisors of Allegheny Twp. for the year 1874:

JOHN C. MELOY, Supervisor, Dr.

To amount of his Duplicate	$349 71
" " cash tax	182 83
" " received for locust tree	1 00
" " " on Work Duplicate	56 31
	$583 85

Cr.

By work done by taxables	$198 21
" Orders paid	41 55
" Exonerations	8 29
" 200 days' service at $1.50 p. day	150 00
" Cash paid for sleeper for bridge	50
" Commission on Cash Duplicate	9 14
" am't paid Auditors and Township Clerk	12 00
" am't paid for use of office	75—$720 44
Balance due Township	$ 63.41

THOMAS MULLEN, Supervisor, Dr.

To amount of his Duplicate	$464 28
" " cash tax	154 81
	$619 09

Cr.

By work done by taxables	$428 19
" exonerations	6 38
" orders paid	21 33
" amount paid for hammer & grain	2 50
" " " plank	1 82
" services, 71½ days at $1.50 p. d.,	107 25
" additional exonerations for land returned to Commissioners	2 59
" commission on cash tax	7 74—$587 30
Balance due Township	$ 31 79

JOSEPH CRAMER, Treasurer of Allegheny Twp. School District for the school year 1875:

Dr.

To amount of Duplicate	$1,300 57
" " State appropriation	295 15
" " from M. Sisk, late Treasurer	70 99
" " received from county for use of school house for election purposes	10 50
	$1,677 10

Cr.

By vouchers paid	$1,480 41
" exonerations	70 03
" commission on Duplicate	67 54
" com'n on State appropriation	4 10—$1,622 08
Balance due School District	$ 55 02

WE, the undersigned Auditors of Allegheny Township, do hereby certify that we carefully examined the duplicates and vouchers of J. C. Meloy and Thomas Mullen, Supervisors, and of Joseph Cramer, Treasurer of Allegheny Township School District, and find the above to be true statements.

Witness our hands, this 12th day of June, 1875.

J. TOMLINSON,
JOHN C. BRADLEY,
J. A. ECKENRODE,
Auditors.

Attest—JOSEPH HOGUE, Twp. Clerk. [7-16.-3m.]

SHERIFF'S SALES.—By virtue of sundry writs of *Vend. Expon.*, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county and to me directed, there will be exposed to Public Sale, at the Opera House in Johnstown, on SATURDAY, the 31st day of JULY, inst., at 1 o'clock, P. M., the following real estate, to wit:

ALL the right, title and interest of Henry Barnhart, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Yoder township, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining lands of Jacob Barkley on the west, Joseph Miller on the north, Turnpike on the east, Mich'l Barnhart on the south, containing ten acres, all cleared, having thereon erected a two story plank house and plank barn, now in the occupancy of Henry Barnhart. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Wm. Anderson, D. F. Brown, John L. Chambers, and John Tallman, trading under the firm and style of Brown & Co.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of William Seivers, of, in and to a lot of ground situate in the Sixth Ward, Johnstown borough, Cambria county, Pa., fronting on Somerset street and adjoining lot of John Dibert on one side and lot of Joseph Thomas on the other side, and extending back to the Stony Creek, having thereon erected a two story plank house, a plank slaughter house, and plank stable, now in the occupancy of Sam'l Long. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Isaac Kauffman.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third of the purchase money to be paid when the property is knocked down, and the remaining two-thirds upon confirmation of the Deed.

HERMAN BAUMER, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, July 12, 1875.

A Quiet Life.

You scorn my dwelling as you pass it by;
I do not say, come in;
You are a stranger to the company
I entertain therein.

My house is humble, yet within its walls
Contentment doth abide;
And from the wings of Peace a blessing falls,
Like dew at eventide.

You think my soul is narrow, like the room
Wherein I toil for bread,
And that, because oblivion is my doom,
I might as well be dead.

Yet are you sure the riches are not mine,
The poverty your own?
Is he not rich who finds his lot divine,
In hovel or on throne?

You judge me by the narrow boundaries
'Twixt which my body moves;
But I behold a wider land that lies
Free to the soul that loves.

Is that not mine in which I hourly take
My largness of delight?
Are not all things created for his sake
Who reads their meaning right?

Is it not mine, this landscape I behold?—
Mine to enjoy and use
For all life's noblest uses, though no gold
Ha. made it mine to lose?

MAD IN SPITE OF HIMSELF.

"Everything goes wrong," said Mr. Tripler, laying down his knife and fork with the face of a martyr.

There are some people in the world with whom "everything" seems chronically to go wrong—there are some whose first infantine wail is uttered in the minor key, and who go on lamenting through life; and of this much abused class Mr. Nathan Tripler was a burning and a shining light.

"What's the matter, dear?" questioned Mrs. Tripler, who sat opposite her husband with a round eyed baby on her knee, and two or three little ones clamoring for their share of the matutinal meal on either side of her.

Mrs. Tripler was a trim, neatly-made little woman, with blue eyes and flaxen hair—a woman who might have been pretty, could she have divested herself of a certain frightened, apprehensive look that came over her face whenever her liege lord spoke or looked toward her. Not that Dorothy Tripler was actually afraid—her husband had never either beaten her or used coercive measures, but when a man begins to find fault, a woman never is easy in her mind lest some domestic screw should be waxing loose.

"I can't eat a mouthful, Dorothy," croaked Mr. Tripler, dolefully. "Such cooking! and such food! You may as well turn that new cook of yours into the street at once."

"But, Nathan, I—I am very sorry, but I cooked the breakfast myself, dear, this morning. Isn't it nice?"

"Nice?" Ye—very nice for those who can digest leather and drink dish-water!"

"The biscuits are fresh and hot, Nathan."

"I don't want to be poisoned with hot bread."

"And I thought the steak was unusually tender."

No reply. Mr. Tripler had folded his arms and was gazing with an expression of abstracted despair at the ceiling.

"Will you have another cup of coffee?" timidly questioned his wife.

"Coffee? Is that coffee? Really I thought it was hot water that had got into the urn by mistake!"

"I will order some fresh made," said Mrs. Tripler, with her hand on the bell-rope.

"You will do no such thing, ma'am, if you please," said Mr. Tripler, shortly. "My appetite is completely destroyed."

"Will you have an egg boiled?"

"No."

"There's some very nice ham in the pantry."

"I dare say—there always is when I don't want it."

"I am very sorry, Nathan," said poor little Mrs. Tripler, despairingly.

Yes she was sorry, this faithful, much enduring wife; nor did the frequent repetition of this domestic storm at all abate her penitence and sense of guilt. Some women would have got accustomed to the daily disturbance and thrown it off as a robin casts the dew-drops from her wing. Not so Dorothy Tripler. She was too sensitive, too conscientious, too delicately organized to laugh off her troubles as some surface deep characters would have done. So when her husband had departed, still grumbling under his breath, as he slammed the door, she leaned her throbbing head upon one weary little hand and murmured softly to herself,—

"Oh, I wish Nathan was different!"

Then, as if she had uttered high treason, she started to her feet, checking the sensation of repining, and began industriously to prepare the three apple-cheecked, tow-headed little Triplers for school.

"It's Monday morning and Nathan don't like them to be too late," thought the meek-spirited wife.

Meanwhile Mr. Tripler was slowly walking down the path through the wild and solitary glen that led to the road where, twice a day, the Lendville stage rolled by, conveying passengers to the train at Martin's Station. It was cheaper to live in the country, and so Mr. Tripler lived there, although, as far as actual tastes went, he didn't know a buttercup from a burdock.

As Nathan trudged along, thinking how best to get rid of some troublesome shares of railway stock that were sinking uncomfortably on his hands, he suddenly became conscious of the presence of a man, stout and middle-aged, with a head as smooth and shining as a billiard ball, who was sitting on a boulder of moss-grown stone just where the pathway merged into the Lendville road.

"Good morning, sir," said the stranger. "Have a seat?"

Mr. Tripler had no very strong social elements in his nature, so he stiffly inclined his head and kept on his way. But the first he knew two iron grasps were on his shoulder, he felt himself twirled suddenly round, like a human humming top, and seated with more force than was exactly agreeable on the boulder.

"What do you mean—"

"Dear me!" suddenly interrupted this uncomfortable companion, "what a very nice hat you have. Now, what do you say to exchanging hats? Mine is a very nice straw, but I find it's somehow heating to the brain."

"You are quite welcome, sir," faltered the tremulous Nathan, speaking all the more rapidly in that the freakish maniac had already deftly affected the change.

"And your coat, too—nice cool linen. Upon my word, now, that coat is infinitely preferable to this swallow-tailed concern of mine, with the brass buttons. Yes—it fits me very nicely. I hope you don't object sir, to the accommodation?"

"N—no!" faltered Mr. Tripler.

"Well, good morning," said the stranger, looking round with a bewildered air. "I don't really see where my chief orderly is—I told him to be here precisely at nine o'clock—and everything will be in confusion if I don't attend to it personally."

He plunged into the green, dense fastnesses of the woods, talking restlessly to himself as he went, and Mr Nathan Tripler was left *solus* in a coarse straw hat and a coat of coarse blue cloth, garnished with huge metal buttons, whose brilliance was considerably tarnished.

"Dear me, what a figure I cut," groaned Mr. Tripler, eyeing himself with disgust. "I must go directly home and get on something decent. A man would be hooted through the streets of New York if he ventured to make his appearance in such a costume as this?"

He rose, brushed away the chill drops of perspiration from his forehead, and was just replacing the crimson silk pocket handkerchief in its resting-place when he was suddenly grasped from behind and thrown skillfully upon the ground.

"Well, we've cotch you at last, my hearty," said a burly man who stood over him, while another man had bound both his hands and feet together before he could find words or breath to remonstrate. "You thought you was goin' to give us the slip, hey? Come, it isn't worth while to cut up like that, you know, unless you want the strait jacket brought out."

"Strait jacket?" gasped Tripler, "what do I want of a strait jacket?"

"Nothing; unless you behave yourself unruly like. Steady, then! Tom, bring up the wagon."

"Where are you taking me to?" remonstrated our hero, as he was tumbled into a one-horse wagon.

"To the asylum to be sure, where you'd have been two hours ago if you hadn't been a little too spry for the stage-driver and your keeper."

Light began to dawn on the troubled chaos of Mr. Tripler's muddled bewildered mind.

"It's all a mistake, my good fellows—a ridiculous mistake," he exclaimed, "I'm not a mad man!"

"No, of course not; we know you're not," responded the larger of the two, with a wink at his companion—"Drive on, Tom."

"But I am not, indeed; you are mistaking me for somebody else—a man who just forced me to exchange hats and coats with him, and went down into the woods—he is the madman!"

"Oh, no—I guess not," said the big keeper, with a fearful attempt at pleasant irony.

"My good men, you are laboring under some very singular delusion," remonstrated the victim, trying to speak plainly between the jolting of the wagon and his own excitement. "I am Mr. Nathan Tripler, of No.—, John Street."

"Oh, Yes," said the keeper, lighting a cigar, "yesterday you was Napoleo Bonaparte, and to-day you're Nathan Tripler, and to-morrow—likely as not—you'll be the king of the Sandwich Islands. I've heard this kind o' talk afore."

Tripler's heart began to stand still with undefined horror. Was this a hideous dream? or was he to be actually immured within the high stone walls of the asylum he had so often walked past with a feeling of dread and horror beyond all description, the life-long victim of some scarce credible mistake? In vain he reasoned, argued, protested; his words fell on the unheeding ears of his two conductors like drops of rain pattering on the stony surface of Table Rock, until at length he was carried—more dead than alive—into a narrow apartment at the end of a long row of similar ones.

It was lighted and ventilated by an iron grating in the door, with a corresponding window high up on the wall, and furnished with only a narrow couch and a stand built into the wall; and there, Mr. Nathan Tripler, released from his confining bonds, was left to enjoy the uninterrupted society of his own cheerless meditations.

"It can't be possible!" I must be asleep and dreaming!" thought Nathan.

But it was possible, and he never was wider awake in his life!

Toward evening, a pitcher of water and a piece of bread were dealt out to him. Mr. Tripler ate it under a sort of mental protest to relieve the gnawing sensation of faintness that was at his vitals.

"What would I give for one of Dorothy's hot bi-cuits," thought the wretched captive.

"My poor little Dorothy! I have been too hard upon her. Suppose—just suppose I should die without being able to tell how ashamed I am of having been such a brute!"

It was not the dry bread that choked Nathan Tripler just then—it was the humiliating sense of his own sins and shortcomings.

Next morning it was bread and water again. Nathan thought of Dorothy's despised coffee and grumbled at steak.

"I've deserved it," thought Nathan; "there's no mi-take about that. Poor, darling little Dorothy! how her heart is aching for me now. I wish I could stroke down her hair just once. "Oh, it's hard to be treated so, even though I know I'm served exactly right. If I ever get out of this hole alive, Dorothy will find me a changed man."

The confused current of thoughts was just eddying vaguely through his mind when there was a sound of steps and voices in the long corridor without.

"I suppose they're going to put on a strait waistcoat now," thought Mr. Tripler, with a resign dair. "Well, there's nothing left for me but to endure. I don't think I'm mad; but how long I shall hold out sane under these interesting concatenation of circumstances is rather a doubtful question."

But Mr. Tripler was mistaken about the strait waistcoat—it was his keeper instead, accompanied br two or three gentlemen—all profuse in apologies and sympathetic ejaculations.

"Such a mistake!" said one old gentleman, with a bald head.

"So awkward for you, my dear sir!" said another middle-aged gentleman, with a Roman nose.

"But entirely unintentional, I assure you, sir," chimed in a third.

While Mr. Tripler looked vaguely from one to another he said,—

"Then I'm not mad, it seems?" he demanded.

"Not a particle, sir!" cried the three committee men in chorus.

"Oh!" said Mr. Tripler, "I'm glad to hear it!"

Then the committee proceeded to inform their involuntary guest how the mistake had happened by which his identity had been confounded with that of his mysterious acquaintance of the woods.

"We are very sorry," said the first committee-man, shaking Mr. Tripler's hand as if it had been the town pump.

"So am I," said Mr. Tripler, laconically.

"Here is your hat and coat, sir," said the second committee-man. "We had great difficulty in getting them away from our poor friend in the Incurable Ward, who fancied they were the last dying bequest of President Lincoln."

"And anything we can do to make any atonement for the awkward mistake would be a pleasure," said the third; while the keeper eyed Mr. Tripler dubiously, as if not altogether certain but that he was a little mad after all.

When Mr. Nathan Tripler reached his home, all was the wildest grief and confusion there. Dorothy had had the woods searched, the river dragged, and the whole vicinage ransacked, and was now in hysterics in the nursery. Nathan walked straight in, and put both arms around her.

"Here I am, Dottie!" Don't cry any more."

But Mrs. Tripler cried more than ever.

"It's only a dream," she sobbed forth. "Nathan is dead."

"No, I'm not dead," said Mr. Tripler, with a grim sense of humor, "only I've been mad." And quieting his wife's sobs after a while, he told her all his adventures. "And now is dinner ready?" he asked, "for I am as hungry as a bear."

"I haven't a thing in the house fit to eat, Nathan dear," wailed his wife.

"I don't care if it's nothing but dry bread and molasses, Dottie," said the husband. "I can tell you that a-ylum took some of the nonsense out of me. I shall never grumble again, don't be afraid."

And Dorothy brightened up. It was the first time he had called her "Dottie," or spoken so tenderly, since their honeymoon was in its crescent glow.

He adhered to his good resolutions—he never did grumble again. The asylum had done him genuine good!

THE WORLD'S POPULATION.

A paper was read before the Manchester Statistical Society a short time ago, calling attention to the researches of the German statisticians, Behm and Wagner, with respect to the population of the world. Of the many estimates of the number of inhabitants of our globe, none are accounted trustworthy. In 1685, Vorsius estimated that there were 5,000,000,000. Behm and Wagner set down the number at the present time at 1,391,030,000. The subjects of Victoria are rated at 300,000,000. Russia has a population of 82,000,000. India supposed to be the most populous country on the globe, has probably 300,000,000 inhabitants. China is said to have 400,000,000 inhabitants, but the estimate is undoubtedly gross-exaggerated. The population of South America has been checked by internal discord. In Paraguay there is said to have been an actual loss of 337,000. An estimate based upon the growth of Great Britain and the United States gives to the former country in the year 2,000 a population of 91,000,000, and to the later of 546,000,000.

Philadelphia has got to expend $1,600,000 to provide the needed increase of water supply for the Centennial.

PREPARATORY BAPTISM.

He is an industrious colored man, living in a small cabin down the river, and his wife is a corpulent, good-natured woman, but very deaf.

Some weeks ago Reuben began to ponder, He had never been a bad nigger, but he had never embraced Christianity, much to the sorrow of Aunt Sasan, his wife, who has been prepared for heaven, lo! these many years past. The more he pondered the more he became convinced that he ought to become a Christian, and Aunt Susan encouraged him with tender words and tearful eyes.

The old man came to town several days ago to see about joining a church, and was informed that he would have to be baptized before he could become a member. He didn't relish the idea very much, but he informed his wife that he would consent, and she clasped her hands and replied:

"Glory to Richmond—de angels am a comin'!"

Uncle Reuben got the idea, the other day, that he'd like to try the water alone before being publicly baptized, and, while his wife was getting breakfast ready he slipped down to the river bank to take a preparatory dip. He removed his coat, hat and boots, placed them on a log, and, as he descended the bank, his broad feet slipped and the convert came down on the back of his neck.

"What de debbil—!" he commenced as he picked himself up; but, suddenly remembering that he was to join the church, he checked himself and remarked:

"I'm ashamed of dat, and I hope de angels will 'scuse me!"

He put one foot into the water, drew back with a shiver, put in the other, and looked longingly toward the house. At that moment Aunt Susan began singing:

"We's gwine up to glory—
We's gwine on de cars!"

And old Reuben braced up and entered the water.

"Yes, we's gwine up to glory!" he remarked as he waded along—"gwine on de fast express!"

At the next step his foot struck a sunken log, and he pitched over it and under water head first. As soon as he came to the surface and blew the water from his mouth he yelled:

"Woosh! what in blazes is dis yer performance?"

In rising up, his foot slid over a log and under a limb in such a manner that the old darkey was caught fast. He could hang to the stub of a limb, but he could not pull himself forward enough to slip his foot out of the trap.

"Whar's de angels now!" he yelled out as he kicked the water higher than his head.

Aunt Susan answered with—

"De angels are a-comin'
I hear de music play?"

When the old man realized that he was fast, and must have help from the shore, he yelled out:

"Ho! dare, old woman—hi!"

She couldn't have heard a cannon fired on the bank of the river, and went on singing:

"Dare's a seat for me in Heaven—
I'se gwine to jine de band!"

"Hi! dare—I'll jine yer old black head off if yer don't hear me!" yelled old Reuben.

He struggled and kicked, got his head under water and out, and yelled:

"Cuss dat old woman! why don't she hear me?"

"Uncle Reube's a-gwine
To be an angel, sho!"

came the song.

"It's a lie—a big debbil lie!" he yelled, pulling his head under water again.

"And he'll fly among de angels,
And play upon a harp!"

continued the old woman as she turned over the bacon.

"Hi! dare—woosh! whoop!" he yelled, floundering around and pulling at his leg.

"De Lawd has got his name,
And dere is a place for him!"

howled the old woman.

"Angels be cussed—whoa! dar, you old black villum!" yelled uncle Reube.

"Dey'll dress him up in white
Wid a crown upon his brow!"

wailed aunt Susan as she poured the water off the potatoes.

"If I ebber git out of dis ribber alive, I'll break her old deaf head, I will!" growled the victim, and then raising his voice he shouted:

"You dar, old Satan—hi! hi!" As if in direct answer came the song,

"He struggles wid de evil one,
But he'll gain de viet'ry, shure!"

"Susan—old cuss Susan—if I had ye by de wool I'd bang dat ole head agin de cabin till yer eyes couldn't see!" he screamed, and he made another tremendous effort to get loose. It was successful, and just then she sang—

"Oh, whar's de angel now,
Send him 'long—send him long!"

"De angel am a comin'!" growled Uncle Reuben as he waded ashore—"an' he'll turn dat cabin inside out!"

He limped up to the house. She was placing the meal on the table singing,

"He's gwine to be baptized—
He's gwine——"

Then he entered the house and gave her a cuff on the ear, which nearly loosened the roots of her hair.

"Oh! yes—Ize an angel wid wings on, I is!" he yelled, as he brought her another cuff—"and Ize gwine to glory—and I'll knock yer ole head off—and Ize gwine to jine de band—and you deaf ole alligator—and Ize a gwine up to heaven—and blast yer old deaf ears—and de glory am a comin'!"

People who know Uncle Reuben say that he swears again with great relish, and it is certain that he hasn't been up to Vicksburg to be baptized and become a church member.—*Vicksburg Herald*.

WHY HE DIDN'T GET UP.

Widow Tannahill's boy was very hard upon his trowsers last winter. He would slide down hills on shingles and play see-saw upon unplaned boards. And so his mother, at last, in desperation placed a sheet-iron patch upon the seat of his pantaloons, and informed him that when that was worn out he might go barelegged. A few days ago the boy was hanging around the foundry just outside the town, and after a while he took as eat upon a pile of pig-iron so that he could watch the men running the molten lead into the moulds. It happened to be iron that had been made out of magnetic ore, and the consequence was that when young Mr. Tannahill tried to rise, for the purpose of going home, he found that the affection of the patch for the pig-iron held him fast. He couldn't imagine what was the matter and he felt scared about it, but after several ineffectual struggles he abandoned hope, and began to cry. Just then the foreman came out, and seeing the boy, he said:

"What's the matter, sonny?"

"Nothin'."

"Anything ail you?"

"You never mind."

"Why don't you hush up and go home?"

"'Cause I want to sit here. I want to sit here and think about sumfin."

"Well, now you must git down off of them pigs, and leave. Come, now, skip!"

"No I won't, nuther."

"Hurry up now, or I'll lick you like thunder."

"I bet you won't."

"You get down off that pile or I'll boost you down quicker'n lightnin'."

"I'd like to see you do it."

Then the foreman, in a rage, dashed at Tannahill and tried to haul him off; but he was amazed to find that the boy was too heavy for him. He was a little scared, but he called one of the workmen, and after a struggle they stood Tannahill on the ground. Then they observed that he had two pigs of iron permanently attached crosswise to his trowsers, so that as soon as they let go of him he suddenly had to sit down.

Finally they gave him a terrific wrench and got him loose, but the sheet-iron patch stuck to the iron, and Mr. Tannahill's shirt fluttered through an opening big enough to set a bay window in. Then the boy went home, and now the Widow Tannahill has brought suit against the foreman for the value of the wrecked trowsers. The case excites much interest, for the question is was the sheet iron patch to blame, or the foreman for trying to keep the boy from going through the world with two hundred pounds of pig-iron on his rear? Blackstone's Commentaries doesn't say a word about such cases, and the lawyers are wild because they can't find any authorities.

SAD END OF A "FONETIC."—From an Eastern plas, with a frekled fas and a very Roman nos, the stranger cam and announced his aim a sistem to disclos. In toas profectic he sed "fonetic" spelling must prov the thing, that silent leters were jenyus' feters—and his name was Professor Bing. When he sat or wanked, by the hour he tauked conserning his sistem strang, and opend a skool wher he tout by rul to spel at the shortest rang. In the skool a yooth, who, to tell the trooth, was the wickedst boy in toun, just mad a not when the techer rot an exampel of spelling doun. And he rased a row by shoing old How (indeed 'twas a cruel sel) a hot on his string from Professor Bing relating to "meeting How's Bel." The whole truth to tel, it was "meeting hous bell" the "fonetic" man had ritten, but old How deluded, at once concluded his dauter Bell was smitten. In a pashum hot, a big charge of shot he lodged in Professor Bing; and the voice profetic which sed "fonetic" cesd saing anything.—*Selected Poems.*

IN the island of Goa, near Bombay, there is a singular tree called "the sorrowful tree"—because it only flourishes in the night. At sunset no flowers are to be seen, and yet, half an hour after, it is quite full of them. They yield a sweet smell; but the sun no sooner begins to shine than some of them fall off, and thus it continues flowering in the night during the whole year.

THE little Hartford girl who gave utterance to the following idea was puzzling her mind with a problem that has bothered the world for ages. She was reproved for some childish act, and seating herself on the floor at her mother's feet, reflected for a long time and then looking up said "Ma, why is it that naughty things are so nice?"

ACTIVE natures are rarely melancholy. Activity and melancholy are entirely incompatible.

ABRAHAM was the first sick man. He had Hagar in the wilderness.

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

Friday Morning, - - July 30, 1875.

Democratic State Convention.

At a meeting of the Democratic State Committee, held in Harrisburg, March 6th, 1875, the following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That the next Democratic State Convention, for the purpose of nominating candidates for Governor and State Treasurer, be held in the city of Erie, on WEDNESDAY, the 8th day of SEPTEMBER, 1875, at noon.

The convention will consist of the usual number of delegates, viz: One delegate for each member of the Senate and House of Representatives.

JOHN MILLER, Chairman.

THE great New York banking house of Duncan, Sherman & Co. failed on Tuesday last with liabilities aggregating some $6,000,000, and assets very much below those figures.

THE most remarkable man in the United States died at Jamestown, Dakota Territory, on the 20th instant. His name was Wm. Henry Forbes. He was an old, gray-headed man, and for many years had been agent for the Upper Sioux Indians at Fort Totten. His fame rests on the solid foundation that although he had been an Indian agent so long, he died—*poor*. Such a man as Forbes deserves an imperishable monument.

THE Republican differences in Huntingdon county are not, it would seem, so satisfactorily arranged after all as the outside world was led to believe. The Huntingdon *Globe*, the organ of the long dissenting wing of the Republican party in that county, has this to say about the late alleged compromise or settlement:

"As far as we see the attempted betrayal of our friends and our manhood involved in the proposed fusion, and we are forced to pronounce it a bastard of one-man power, concieved in a midnight conspiracy and born in personal and political dishonor. As we go to press we may add that we have heard from and seen quite a number of our country friends, and there is but one opinion among them, which is that they *will never submit* to a dishonorable, patched-up compromise, to be run by Orlady and Woods, for the special benefit of themselves and friends."

WE are always glad to see a political traitor and ingrate exposed and held up to public scorn and contempt. One John M. Cooper is such a man. We know him. In 1855 he was a clerk in the Surveyor General's office at Harrisburg and was regarded as an unflinching Democrat. After he left that office we lost sight of him until in 1872 he appeared in Philadelphia as the subsidized editor of a Grant and Hartranft campaign paper, and of course bitterly hostile to the election of Charles R. Buckalew, the Democratic candidate for Governor. We find exposed letter things from Cooper, but it nevertheless he thus stamped himself. He has recently reappeared at Harrisburg as the correspondent of the New York *World*, and in one of his letters to that paper charges R. E. Meyers, Esq., of the *Patriot*, with having received, through two of the banks of that city, $20,000 which sum was made up by two deposits of $10,000 in each of said banks—one by W. W. Irwin a former Republican State Treasurer, and the other by R. W. Mackey, the present Treasurer—for Meyers' use. In reply to this accusation of so noted a guerilla as Cooper, Mr. Meyers has published the written statement of the proper officer of each of the banks referred to, in which they deny the truth of Cooper's statement. This would seem to be a full and complete vindication of Mr. Meyers from the damaging charge of having been in the pay of the treasury ring, preferred against him by Cooper, and we accept it as such until overthrown by other evidence, if that is possible. We would not hang a dog on the mere statement of a political traitor, like we know John M. Cooper to be, unsupported by any other testimony.

VERY MUCH DISPLEASED.—The editor of the Cambria *Freeman* is among the few who are sorely vexed because ex-Gov. Bigler will not refuse a nomination for Governor if it is offered by the Erie Convention. Well it's a pity of him, but then it cannot be helped. He is a consistent opponent. He opposed the election of Senator Wallace, yet both members voted for him, and a similar result may be looked for at Erie. McPike is good on a growl, and a very clever fellow.—*Clearfield Republican.*

The editor is mistaken. We are not "sorely vexed because ex-Gov. Bigler will not refuse a nomination for Governor," but simply disgusted because in his letter to Dr. Wilson, dated on the 4th of June, he absolutely and in direct terms refused to become a candidate, and in one brief month afterwards, in his published dispatch to Joseph M. Thompson, of Indiana, he agreed to let his name go before the convention. *That* was the ground of our complaint and the reason for our objection to his equivocal position. When the editor asserts that we "opposed the election of Senator Wallace" he knowingly and wilfully utters a falsehood. If he can produce one word from the columns of this paper in support of his allegation, let him do so, or forever hold his peace. If our honest preference for Jeremiah S. Black for United States Senator meant opposition, in the true sense of the word, to Mr Wallace, then a large number of Democratic papers in the State are amenable to the impudent censure of this Clearfield organ. Is it a political crime to have been the friend and admirer of Judge Black, and is fealty to the Democratic party to be measured only by devotion to the personal fortunes of Mr. Wallace, or any other leading Democrat? We are inclined to think not. We admit that Clearfield has been prolific in great men, but that she enjoys a monopoly in that line we very respectfully decline to believe.

The Treasury Investigation.

We published last week the first and partial report of the committee appointed by the Democratic branch of the last Legislature to investigate the condition of the State treasury. Much has been written of late years on this subject so important to the taxpayers of the commonwealth, and much more remains yet to be written. It is no reflection on the committee to say that to any one who pretends to be at all familiar with the *modus operandi* of State Treasurers for the last *twenty-four* years, this report does not present any facts which are exceptionally new or startling. But the report is valuable for the reason that it has given tangible form and substance to what was before generally believed, but was not absolutely known. Robert W. Mackey has simply walked in the well marked footsteps of his predecessors, in speculating for his own private gain on what is called the unexpended monthly balances in the treasury, by loaning it to the banks at a certain rate of interest, which was a good thing for the banks and also a good thing for Mackey, inasmuch as the interest which accrued found its way, not into the State treasury, but into Mackey's private pocket. The office of State Treasurer is not so eagerly sought after on account of the salary attached to it as for the certain facilities it affords, in the way we have mentioned, for amassing a fortune. Long before Mackey's day, the possession of that office for two or three years has made certain men rich who were as poor as Lazarus before the wheel of political fortune whirled them into it. It has been a rich mine in the past to Mackey's predecessors, as it has been to him and as it will be to those who come after him, unless the system of its management is radically changed.

That the sinking fund has been boldly misapplied from the object of its creation and devoted to illegitimate purposes, is made clearly manifest by the report of the committee. In this respect the plainest constitutional provisions in reference to the sinking fund have been deliberately violated during the last nine years to the extent of almost *three millions of dollars*. Whenever a State Treasurer appropriates any interest on the public moneys to his own use, he violates the provisions of the act of Assembly of March 31st, 1869, and renders himself liable to fine, imprisonment and removal from office, and to impeachment by the act of May 9th, 1874. These two acts have heretofore been a dead letter; otherwise several State Treasurers would have been in the penitentiary, where they deserve to be.

It is a shameless outrage that for years these officials have been revelling in wealth accumulated out of the illegal use of the hard-earned money of the taxpayers of the State. It must have an end, but that will not be until a plundered people elect a Democratic Governor and a Democratic Legislature. Mackey at the outset confessed that there was something rotten in Denmark when he refused to permit the accountant employed by the committee to examine the books of his office, instead of courting the most thorough investigation. It was a bad beginning for him, and such is the popular belief. The people are thankful to the committee for what it has done in the face of the obstacles thrown in its way by Mr. Mackey, and if in spite of him they will persevere in their work they will be entitled to and will receive popular approval.

SOME of the large and some of the very smallest of the radical papers are just now terribly exercised over Jefferson Davis, who in their sweet judgment is about removing to Texas for the purpose of becoming the successor in the United States Senate of Hon. Morgan C. Hamilton, whose term of office will expire on the 4th of March, 1877. These loyal gentlemen have forgotten, or labor under the delusion that their readers have forgotten, that Jefferson Davis is ineligible to a seat in the Senate, for the very simple reason that the political disabilities of Davis, incurred by his participation in the rebellion, have never yet been removed by Congress. Alexander H Stephens, Vice President of the Southern confederacy, is now a member of Congress, and he was certainly as bitter a rebel as Davis ever was. We do not suppose that Davis, who is now in the sere and yellow leaf, is ambitious of again entering into political life. Still, it is deemed necessary by radical editors, in order to fire the Northern mind, to bring Jefferson Davis to the front as an aspirant for political honors. How strange and peculiar are the ways of radicalism. It has condoned the treason of Longstreet, next to Lee and Johnston the greatest military officer of the rebellion; it recognizes Moseby as a Republican leader in Virginia; and yet the mere name of a politically dead and powerless man like Jefferson Davis, *"sine nominis umbra,"* has the same effect upon a radical editor as a red flag has on an enraged bull in a Spanish arena at Madrid or in the city of Mexico.

HON. L. Q. C. LAMAR, one of the most accomplished and eloquent men that ever occupied a seat in Congress, was unanimously renominated last week for the same position by the Democratic convention of the First Mississippi district. His eulogy delivered in that body on the late Charles Sumner attracted marked attention, coming as it did from a leading Southern man, and was universally admitted to be far superior as a brilliant oratorical effort to all the other eloquent addresses delivered on that occasion.

THE somewhat renowned woman suffrage agitator, Celia Burleigh, died in New York on Tuesday last.

THE most exacting of all the Northern press, says the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, will hardly find fault with the recent speech of the Confederate General T. M. Logan, at the reunion of Hampton's legion, in Columbia, S. C. General Logan took the most cheerful possible view of the result of the war. He said:

Whatever may be our views of those bitter experiences, which, under the iron rule of war, have left us in our present condition; and however much we may regret that we were not permitted to work out for ourselves our own future, and to have thus avoided the terrible effects of forced and arbitrary changes of our institutions and habits; yet, taking the facts as they now exist, an unprejudiced consideration of the subject unquestionably justifies the opinion that our capacity for progress has been increased, and that the present opportunities for developing our resources are greater than were possible under the old regime.

As to the unity of the States, which has been so ceaselessly harped upon by the timid and the designing, General Logan said:

In considering, then, the future of the South, there is one fact suggested at the outset which has been demonstrated to us by the logic of events. It is, that under the operation of causes, which, although unseen at the time, appear now to have been inevitable in their results, a vast social organism has been developed, and is now so far advanced in its growth as a national body politic, and no longer a mere aggregation of States, that unity is a necessity of its further development. In reviewing the past we can clearly see that this national organism has been gradually developed, and while many seek by various theories to account for the failure of the confederacy, the result may be regarded as the necessary consequences of these laws of development under which this social organism—the United States—was being evolved. We had, in the language of Horace Greeley, "fought sternly against the inevitable," but we could not prevail against "manifest destiny." We have accepted the result, and there is now nothing surer in the political world than that this country will continue in the future a united nation. Those causes which were too strong to be overcome by the courage and endurance of the Confederate soldier—even under the leadership of a Lee and a Jackson—still continue to operate, and are yearly gaining strength with the growth and development of the country, while those influences that heretofore in the history of the world have rendered it difficult for large territories to be controlled by one Government have ceased to exist since the introduction of steam locomotion and telegraphic communication. The "future" is not for the "State" but for the "national" development; and we recognize the fact. Our feelings, as well as our interests, already incline us to strengthen and connect the bonds of real union by cultivating feelings of good will and friendship, and we are anxious to contribute our part to the growth, prosperity and good government of the nation.

FROM an editorial article in the Altoona *Evening Mirror* (Independent), of Tuesday last, on the relative merits of Gov. Hartranft and Hon. C. L. Pershing, we clip the following just tribute to the latter named gentleman:

"On the other hand, there is no district in the State where the Hon. Cyrus L. Pershing is stronger than in these very regions. Summoned by the working people of Schuylkill county, four years ago, without distinction of party, to come and preside over their judicial district, he has made for himself a reputation for honesty, ability and firmness that recommend him at once to all classes of people. A hard worker himself, he ever has manifested a lively and sincere interest in the welfare of all who labor with the hand or brain. His decisions in important cases that have been tried before him have been remarked by leading jurists, and sustained by the courts above, while his manner of conducting business has won for him the encomiums of all having transactions with him. As a member of the legislature, Mr. Pershing distinguished himself by his force and ability, his keen perception, his wonderful memory and his fearless support of all measures which he believed to be right. Who will forget his famous remark to a member of the Assembly in 1869, when asked for his opinion in regard to a certain local bill then pending before that body: "Get all the light you can, then vote as your conscience tells you is right." He had no voice for or against the measure. He recommended the legislator to seek for the truth and then obey the dictates of his conscience. And in those very words may be found the rule which has governed him throughout his whole life.

"Mr. Pershing is not popular in the coal regions alone, but his popularity extends to all parts of the State. In the coal regions he is immensly popular, and the workingmen are said to almost idolize him. In other districts of tha State his name awakens respect for his ability as a jurist, his integrity as a man and his honor as a citizen."

JOHN LEE CARROLL.—The Baltimore *Sun* gives a sketch of John Lee Carroll, whom the Democrats have nominated for Governor of Maryland. He is the great-grandson of that Charles Carroll, who, when about to sign the Declaration of Independence, heard some one remark that he "might escape the penalty of rebellion, there were so many of that name," and immediately added the words "of Carrollton," thus making sure what Carroll it was who put upon "the hazard of the die," in the struggle for American independence, his life and fortune. John Lee Carroll was born at Homewood, the family estate, about one mile from Baltimore, in 1820, and was educated at St. Mary's Seminary, Georgetown College, Mount St. Mary's, near Emmittsburg, spending a year at the law school of Harvard University. He then entered the law office of Messrs. Brown & Brune, in Baltimore, and was admitted to the bar in 1841. He commenced practice in Baltimore, but in 1859 came to New York, and was for a time ex-officio U. States Commissioner under Judge Betts. On the death of his father, Charles Carroll, in 1862, leaving him sole executor, he returned to Maryland. Mr. Carroll was nominated for the Maryland Legislature in 1853, but the Know-Nothing wave which was then rising was too strong to be buffeted. He was elected to the State Senate in 1867, from Howard county, and again in 1871. He was President of the Senate at its last session. Mr. Carroll resides in Howard county, on Doughoregan Manor, a property which has been in the family since the Revolution. He was married in 1856 to a daughter of Royal Phelps, a New York merchant.

—A little daughter of Mr. J. W. Mick, of Sharpsville, was sitting in a chair with a nursing bottle in her hands. The bottle fell to the floor and broke, when she, attracted by the noise leaned over the chair and fell headforemost on to the broken glass, a piece of which entered the top of her head, severing a blood vessel and causing her death.

The Mountain Meadow Massacre.

The trial of John D. Lee in Beaver, Utah, for participation in the Mountain Meadow Massacre of 1857, promises to have one good result, if no other. The judicial investigation will afford the people an opportunity to learn from authentic testimony the true history of that revolting outrage.

The tragedy occurred at a time of great excitement in Utah. Brigham Young was then Governor of the Territory, and likewise Superintendent of Indian Affairs, having received his appointment to those offices from President Fillmore, though Alfred Cumming, with a commission in his pocket from President Buchanan, was on his way to supersede him as Governor, accompanied by a military force of about three thousand men, under the command of Col. Albert Sidney Johnson, to enforce his claims. There had been great turbulence in Utah; numerous outrages on emigrants by persons in the guise of Indians had been ascribed to the Mormons; and the Gentile Judges of the Federal courts had all left the Territory, which in fact was in a state of rebellion. The question of armed resistance to the troops was seriously discussed, though subsequently this idea was abandoned.

During this period of excitement, namely, in August, 1857, a large train of emigrants on their way to California reached Salt Lake City. It was the finest train that had ever attempted the overland route.—Several elegant carriages were among the vehicles, for the accommodation of ladies of the party, and there were many women and children in the train. It is said that the finest of these carriages was for years afterward used by a family of Mormons. After laying in their supplies in Salt Lake City, this party proceeded toward California, and that was the last that was known of them for a long time. It was fully a year before any of their friends received the least intimation of their fate.

Three hundred miles from Salt Lake, on the road to Los Angeles, California, is a meadow five miles in length by one in breadth, with a very fine spring at one end, affording an excellent camping ground.—Here the emigrant party encamped in order to recruit their stock before entering upon what was then called the Great Desert, and here, in the month of September, the massacre took place.

According to the commonly accepted story of the slaughter, the emigrants were attacked while encamped by Indians, who had been set upon them by Mormons, and by Mormons disguised as Indians, and ten or twelve men were killed before any one understood that they were in danger. The remainder of the party at once seized their arms, intrenched themselves behind their wagons, and prepared for a determined resistance. For a week, with their women and children lying in the trenches they had dug, the emigrants maintained their position, and kept their enemies at bay. Then the Mormons resolved on strategy. The firing by the Indians ceased, and the besieged party looking up the meadow, saw a wagon full of white men coming toward them. These men proved to be John D. Lee and other Mormon dignitaries, who offered to mediate with the Indians. As the Mormons and Indians were known to be on good terms, the offer was gladly accepted, and after Lee and his associates had conferred with the attacking party of savages, it was agreed that the emigrants should surrender their arms and other property, and return by the road they came. The Mormons on their part promised to guard and protect the party until they should reach the settlements.

Having given up their arms, the emigrants left their wagons and stock and started northward on foot. The women and children were in front, the men followed, and in the rear was a guard of forty Mormons. Hardly had this sorrowful procession started on its way when a fire was poured into them from an ambush, followed by an attack from the Mormons in the rear, and in a few minutes one hundred and twenty men, women, and children lay slaughtered upon the ground. Seventeen of the youngest children were saved and adopted by Mormon families, and it is said that three men escaped immediate death. But one of these was afterward murdered by the Indians; another starved to death, and the third was killed upon the Colorado, though by whom it is not known.

The evidence produced in the pending trial all goes to show that this account of the massacre is substantially correct. Philip K. Smith, one of the defendants, who was a Mormon bishop at the time of the massacre, appeared as State's evidence, and gave a full description of the slaughter with all its horrible details, as well as an account of the deliberations among the Mormon leaders which preceded the butchery, in which, against his will as he says, he was forced to participate. The massacre was resolved upon by Mormon bishops and councillors, Lee and W. H. Dame being among the most conspicuous in planning and executing the crime. The description which Smith gives of the slaughter fully confirms all that has heretofore been reported of its barbarous character.

While the general facts of the Mountain Meadow massacre have long been admitted, it has been contended by the Mormons and their defenders that Brigham Young knew nothing about it; while, on the other hand, it has been vehemently asserted that it was accomplished by his express command. It is certain that a large portion of the Mormons living in the Territory at the time of the murders were greatly shocked when they became known, and the general impression among unprejudiced persons has been that the act was committed without the knowledge of Young, who, it was thought, was certainly too shrewd a man to countenance such atrocious treachery and cruelty to innocent women and children. The evidence of Smith, however, if it is to be credited, proves that Brigham Young was at least an accessory after the fact, for he distinctly swears that in company with Lee and another man, he called on Young in Salt Lake City, Lee having previously reported the facts in full, and received from him instructions as to the disposition of the property captured from the murdered emigrants, and at the same time a warning against talking about the affair, even among themselves.

In 1859, Judge Cradlebaugh, a Federal judge appointed by Buchanan, attempted to bring the perpetrators of this horrible crime to justice, but failed. It is doubted whether the present trial will result in the conviction of Lee and his associates, since eight of the jurors are Mormons; while it is said that some of them are near relatives of persons who are deeply implicated in the murders.—*N. Y. Sun.*

THE *Gazette* is of opinion that Hon. J. L. Carroll, the Democratic nominee for Governor of Maryland, cannot be elected because he is a Catholic. That is rather bad, but then his grandfather, Charles Carroll of Carrollton was also one; so he comes by it legitimately. Indeed a glance at the early history of Maryland might serve to inform the editors of the *Gazette*, who affect such holy horror of Catholics, that it was fortunate for a number of people who were persecuted for their religious opinions in other States, that Catholics of Maryland stood as the bright and solitary example of religious freedom, and that the Quaker, Dissenter and Puritan found equal protection under her liberal and beneficent laws. —*Pittsburgh Post.*

A MAN WHO HASN'T SPOKEN TO HIS WIFE IN TWELVE YEARS.—The Cahoes *Bulletin* says there is residing in Harmony street, Cahoes, a man aged seventy-five years, who has not spoken to his wife in twelve years. He has been married fifty years, has an amiable wife and several children and grandchildren, and considerable property. The old man and his wife always lived together happily, not a ripple ever appearing on their course through life until about twelve years ago, when one morning the wife came down stairs and saluted her husband in a gentle manner as was her wont to do, but to her astonishment he made no reply to her salutation. She spoke to him again and again, but always with the same effect, and ever since that July morning in 1863, the husband never opened his lips to his wife. No cause is assigned for his strange proceedings. He always speaks familiarly with the rest of his family and friends, but on no occasion or under any consideration would he speak one word to his wife. He always treats her with gentleness and kindness, always providing for her wants with the most scrupulous care, but not one word can be coaxed out of his lips to refer to his strange way of treating her. His wife and himself always partake of the same bed, they eat at the same table, they walk to church side by side, yet not one word has escaped that man's lips for the past twelve years to that woman. His little granddaughter lives with him, and through her he always knows his wife's wants, and no request of hers is left unheeded. Several friends of the family have tried repeatedly to unfathom his strange action, but they have always found it impossible.

We have heard of a case in many respects similar to the above [different notably in the matter of kind treatment] in Pittsburgh, but supposed its duplicate could not have been found in the whole world.—*Pittsburgh Gazette.*

THE GREAT SWIM.—J. B. Johnson, the English swimmer, won the match for the championship and stake of $2,000 against Thomas Coyle, of Chester, Pa. The distance to be swam was about thirteen miles, the terminus being at Gloucester Point, N. J., three miles below Philadelphia. The men jumped from a tug at Chester, at 1:45 p. m. Coyle led for eight miles, when he gave out completely and was taken from the water in an exhausted condition, and remained insensible up to a late hour. At the time he gave up he was a mile in advance of Johnston. The latter swam a mile and a half further and then asked to be removed from the water, as he had complied with the conditions of the contest and was entitled to the stakes. He had been in the water over three hours. The event was the occasion of great interest. No less than 5,000 persons followed the race in boats, and the gardens and beach at Gloucester were crowded with human beings.

PHILADELPHIA, July 23.—Coyle, the American swimmer in the race with Johnson, remained unconscious until one o'clock this morning. He then slept and awoke all right. He says he was drugged by brandy which he took a few minutes before he became exhausted. He was feeling splendidly, and felt positive he could reach Gloucester. He says if he could have gone twenty minutes longer he would have won the race, as Johnson was a mile and a half behind him, and as he would have soon encountered a strong ebb tide, he would have been compelled to give up. Coyle states his willingness and anxiety to swim the Englishman at any time for a distance of five, eight or ten miles. Johnson admits Coyle to be the better swimmer and capable of beating him.

A BATTLE WITH SNAKES.—A few days since, while a young man of the vicinity of Middle Grove, whom we shall designate as Jeemes, was shrubbing in the field he ran upon a black snake in a cluster of bushes, and calling his dog Zip, set him after the snake. While he was intently watching the progress of the fight between his snakeship and his favorite canine, something from behind took him "whack" upon the seat of his trousers, and turning quickly he discovered to his horror a tremendous horseracer full six feet in length, with head erect, hissing tongue, and glaring eyes, curling himself in the fullest attitude of battle, and before Jeemes could comprehend the terrible character of the situation, "whack" the snake took him again. He then looked for a tree, but there was none to climb; for a stick, but there was none at hand. He then drew his jack-knife with the determination of selling his life as dearly as possible, and the most terrible battle between man and snake then occurred that has ever transpired in the history of Monroe county. The snake was very strong and active, and curling himself around one of his victim's legs he stuck his terrible fangs into him with marvellous rapidity, tightening his hold and crawling up all the time, while Jeemes plied his jack-knife with a rapidity never equalled by the savage Modoc. The snake was getting the best of it, and had twisted himself up nearly to Jeemes's face, and was about to coil his slimy length about his succumbing antagonist's swanlike throat, when Zip, the faithful servant, having finished snake No. 1, came yelping to the rescue, and taking in at a glance the hazardous position of the master, he sprang and grappled the monster by the neck, and held on with a vice-like grip until Jeemes, by the use of his knife, extricated himself from his terrible predicament, and from an untimely and premature grave. The snake was killed, and the trusty dog was the life-preserver of his master.—*Paris (Mo.) Appeal.*

THE BARREL FEAT ACCOMPLISHED.—The Detroit *Post* of the 19th inst. says: "Bob Blackhawk, the colored man who attempted the novel and difficult feat of standing upon the head of a common barrel and constantly rotating, or turning round, for twenty-four hours, completed his task at 6 o'clock Saturday evening. He commenced at 6 o'clock Friday evening, and during the entire time was watched by two men, who relieved each other at intervals of six hours. They have made affidavit that the feat was squarely and honestly accomplished. Blackhawk complained of a slight soreness in his lower limbs and in the back, the result of his cramped position, but otherwise felt no fatigue or inconvenience. It must be remembered that he was without food or drink the entire time that he was upon the barrel. When Blackhawk completed his feat, he claimed that he could just as well have remained up twelve hours longer, but the parties who proposed to back him expressed themselves as entirely sasisfied with what he had done."

COOL GIRLS.—For fear of missing the road they took the railroad track. They walked along leasurely, unnoticed or unnoticing, until when, just in the middle of the bridge, they heard a train approaching. Turning, they saw a coal train of the Lackawanna Railroad coming on the bridge at full speed. There was not time enough to cross the bridge; there was no place on which to step aside. Quick as thought both girls dropped themselves between the ties, and there hung between train and water until the long line of empty jimmies passed over their heads. Their muscles weakened, but there they hung for dear life. Finally the train passed, and the girls by dint of hard scrambling regained a position on top of the bridge.—*Utica Observer.*

—A man in Iowa has invented and patented a wind-plough.

News and Political Items.

—Kentucky grasshoppers chew tobacco, making away with whole fields in a single day.

—A Minnesota woman killed forty-eight bushels of grasshoppers and got $1 per bushel.

—A grapevine is growing in Barbara, Cal., which measures eighteen inches in diameter near the ground.

—A Chinaman married a negro woman in Arkansas a year ago, and they now have a baby which has light hair and is as white as snow.

—Isaac M. Singer, the inventor of the Singer sewing machine, died in London Sunday evening. He was sixty-four years of age.

—The match for the Elcho shield was won by the Irish eight. Their total score was 1,506! the total of the Scotchmen was 1,503; and that of the English 1,502.

—John Berry, of Johnston City, St. Clair county, Mo., shot and killed John Bancom, last Monday, for attempting an outrage upon his wife some time ago.

—A. R. Woodruff, a notorious character formerly of Lynchburg, Va., with one wife there and one in Sacramento, is a defaulter in San Francisco to the amount of $1,000,000.

—Isaac Johnson, of Rochester, celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday by walking twice around the Driving Park, making the first mile in twelve minutes and the second in thirteen.

—The mother of little Mabel Young, the victim of the Boston belfry tragedy, has suffered such acute mental agony since that event that she has to be constantly attended.

—Johnston, the man who beat Coyle swimming on the Delaware on Thursday, made ten and a-half miles in three hours and ten minutes, the greatset swimming feat on record.

—A few days ago a child sitting on the track of the Providence and Springfield Railway was struck by the locomotive and thrown quite a distance without being hurt in the least.

—A fourteen-year old boy, weighing 280 pounds, and a French lady claiming to be 132 years old, are among the curiosities a census-taker at Point, N. Y., found in the course of his labors.

—The fool Conn, who shot his wife in Philadelphia, the other day, with a gun he didn't know was loaded, ought to be hung with a rope the Sheriff didn't know was strong enough to sustain him.

—A car on the incline of coal mines at Ashland, Ky, Thursday, broke loose and ran off the track into a house occupied by a family named Claxton, instantly killing a woman and boy ten years old.

—Reading (Pa.) boasts of a society of about a dozen ladies, married and single, who assemble twice a week at one of the slaughter houses in that city and quaff the blood of steers that are killed there.

—A number of Boston capitalists are about to purchase from a Canadian firm a patent for manufacturing india-rubber from the common milk-weed, which for some time past has been successfully worked.

—A woman in Beaver township, Crawford county, this season sheared upwards of two hundred and fifty sheep for farmers in her neighborhood, and did the work well. She clipped forty-five inside of a day and a half.

—A man in Medina, while riding in procession behind his wife's remains, the other day, overwhelmed with grief, had sufficient strength to stop the procession and jump out of the carriage to pick up a knife which he detected in the road.

—It is stated that Chas. K. Landis, the founder of Vineland, and the attempted murderer of Carruth, the editor, paid the latter $30,000 to sell out and leave the place, which Carruth has done. Landis cannot be convicted without Carruth's testimony.

—It is rumored at Bedford that Gen. Cameron, Col. James Duffy, of Marietta, and Mayor Bridgens are negotiating for the purchase of the springs, and that Louis Honseal, present proprietor of the Montour House of Lock Haven, will take charge of the hotel.

—An intellectual lady of Salem, Mass., has given her whole mind for several years to the collection of buttons, of which she now has a string twenty four feet long. To perfect this noble life work we would suggest that she make buttonholes to match them.

—Mme. MacMahon, the wife of Marshal MacMahon, President of the French Republic, is working constantly in behalf of the sufferers by the late flood in France. In this good and noble task she has the co-operation and assistance of her distinguished husband.

—Clarion has been organized over thirty-five years, and not a person has yet suffered the death penalty in the county. One man named Logue was sentenced to be hung for murdering Lewis, but the Supreme Court granted him a new trial, and he was sent to the penitentiary.

—The fate of Donaldson is similar to that of Timothy Winchester, who ascended from Norwalk, Ohio, in the summer of 1855, was last seen passing over Vermillion, Erie county, in the direction of Canada, and is supposed to have been lost in Lake Erie, as no further tidings of him were ever received.

—A man was recently discharged from the Berks county prison, where he had been serving a term of thirty days for vagrancy, who is only thirty-eight years of age, and has been in twenty-seven different jails, spending twenty years of his life in them, and learning five trades. He seems to like that kind of life.

—Sunday, afternoon, Mary J. Conn, aged twenty-five years, living at Chester, while on a visit to her mother in Philadelphia, was accidentally shot and killed by her husband. He pointed a gun at her, not knowing it to be loaded, and the contents took effect in her abdomen, causing instant death. He was arrested to await the action of the coroner.

—A few years ago Judge Fish, of Oglethorpe, Ga., was assassinated and two well-known citizens of the place, Holsonbake and Lloyd, were hung for the murder. It now comes out, by the dying confession of a detective engaged on the trial, that the latter, Lloyd, was an innocent man and that the murder was sworn on him to get the $6,000 reward.

—A curious story of poetic justice comes from Delaware. Daniel McConaughy, who has been confined in the State Insane Asylum for six years, is now found by a jury not to have been insane, but to have been confined by his two brothers, William and Thomas, who owed him money. Now the brothers are violently insane, and have been removed to the asylum in irons.

—Hugh Donahue, a Boston pedestrain, succeeded on Friday in completing his feat of walking 1,100 miles in 1,100 consecutive hours. Perhaps Mr. Donahue may not view it in that light, but every sensible person will agree with us, that if he had contented himself with walking 100 miles in 100 hours, he would have been just 1,000 miles and 1,000 hours less ridiculous.

—A young lady in Washington county, (N. Y.,) beautiful and well educated, and the owner of an $8,000 farm in her own right, says that when she is married the entire wedding expenses, including her dresses, shall not cost over $68, and that she will make her husband happier than any city belle can who takes off four chairs full of padding at night, and cannot go to a party wearing a dress that cost under $140.

—Near Davenport, Iowa, a farmer named William Alger, having a wife and seven children, eloped with his two nieces, the youngest only seventeen years of age, and was found a few days ago. The strangest part of the story is that the mother of the girls aided them in their escapade. Alger is said to be a very estimable man, and much respected by all who know him.

—Harry P. Haynes, aged thirteen, living with his parents, at No. —— Tremont street, Boston, on Saturday, accidentally shot himself through the head with a pistol ball, the ball entering the back of the head and coming out at the face. The wound is considered fatal. He was a very bright boy for his years, and was recently decorated with his mother's gold watch and chain for bravery he sold.

—The latest Enoch Arden story comes from Ohio. When he came back to Delaware the other day he found a new husband and several brand new children. There will be a terrible discussion and a re-organization of affairs in No. 1 retains his children and wife. There is to be a divorce suit in the form, and a remarriage. Meanwhile No. 2 loves them both—but No. 1 is not far away.

—Samuel A. King, the aeronaut, has added one hundred dollars to the fund now being raised for the recovery of Mr. Donaldson's companion. He gives up the search in the woods of Michigan as hopeless, and that they will follow the river in their efforts to extricate the unfortunate man. He will send a tug to cruise about the mouth of the river, as it may be the means of saving him from starvation.

—Mr. John Lee Carroll, who has been nominated for the Governorship of Maryland, worthily sustains the honor of a historic family. The old manor of the Carrolls of Carrollton, until within a few years past, was mainly known as a noble and hospitable country gentleman. He is the speaker of the Senate, and is highly estimable, and there can be no doubt will make an admirable Governor.

—The details of the Mountain Meadow massacre that are now being published in the trial of John D. Lee, in Utah, are horrible beyond anything of modern times. There is no punishment too severe to be dealt out to the fiends and abettors of this fearful crime in atrocity the most bloody recorded in the annals of the Indians. Human beings were staggered at the statements of the witnesses who were put on the stand under duress, and took place.

—Thursday night one of the tanks in Close & Sons's refinery, Coal City, Iowa, exploded, causing the death of four others, and setting fire to the oil and stock in the stock yards, destroying more than half of the mill. Seven of the mill five were killed. The bodies were blown into the air and over the house, and were recovered. The bodies of the dead were either buried in the ruins or blown into the river. The mill cost $40,000.

—The Connecticut legislature has released John Evans from the insane asylum. He committed a murder in Litchfield county, half a dozen years ago, and was sentenced to State Prison for life. Two years ago the Legislature was petitioned for his release, on the ground of insanity, but refused, sending him to the asylum. It is said that he is now very feeble from consumption, and that his friends and relatives in England will come over and take him away if he is sent over there, as they will not be allowed to release him on that account.

—Referring to the Stokes-Smith-Meadow Massacre case in Utah, the Virginia *City Territorial Enterprise* says: "If a man ago attempted what he now is trying to do, his life would not have been worth a penny." And it concludes: "The Mormon Church is beginning to feel the head of the order is safe in the grave. Schools are existing, and it would be strange if in the course of a country there would not be found some institution founded on the basis of the degradation of women.

—Very Rev. Bernard Hafkenscheid, St. Mary's, Lancaster, is now in the seventh year of his age. He was visited by Archbishop Bayley, of Baltimore, Archbishop Wood, of Philadelphia, Bishop Shanahan, of Harrisburg, Father McConomy, of Philadelphia, Rev. Father O'Connor, of Pittsburgh. These distinguished prelates were accompanied by the pupils of St. Mary's, one of whom made the speech of welcome. The clergy, Father Hackett, of Pittsburgh, Father Neufeld, of St. Joseph's, Father Kaul, of St. Anthony's, Lancaster, were also present on the interesting occasion.

—At Newark, Ohio, Thursday, a terrible accident occurred, resulting in serious, perhaps fatal, burning of persons. A test was to be made of a fire extinguisher, and a building was erected by consent of the owner, which was to be fired for the purpose. The building was thoroughly saturated with oil, and during the preparations it took fire. An explosion occurred, burning D. B. Winegardner, J. B. Jones, Charles Hamilton, Commissioner, and a bridge builder from Toledo, and some fifteen or twenty men and boys. Some of the injured, it is thought, are fatally burned.

—Of the modern crowns of royalty in Europe, perhaps the most magnificent is the well-known triple crown, or tiara, or perhaps we should say tiaras, there are four of them. The tiara usually worn by the Pope; it is carried before him in procession, but, except on special occasions, he wears a mitre like any other Bishop. Of the existing tiaras the most beautiful is that which was given by Napoleon I. to Pius VII. in 1805. It is said to be worth upward of eighty thousand dollars. Its circlets are almost incrusted with diamonds, emeralds, rubies, pearls and precious stones, and the great emerald of its apex is said to be the most beautiful in the world, and is valued at 16,000 francs.

—Simultaneous with the late persecution of the Roman Catholic Sisters of Charity in Germany, the Protestant Deaconesses are rapidly diminishing, and consequently the poor and sick are suffering for their ministrations and nursing in hospitals. According to the last report of the Mother House of the Deaconesses at Kaiserswerth, the harvest is plentiful, the houses are ready to receive them in great, but, alas! the deaconesses are wanting. Up to the end of 1870 a large number of our sisters was always ready to increase; but from that time, in consequence of and with other houses, they began to fall off. Formerly eighty or more persons came every year; last year there were only forty-six, and already seventeen have withdrawn on various grounds.

—There is every indication that the coming crop of corn will be the largest on record, not excepting the great crop of 1873. Many causes combine to this end. In the West a large quantity of wheat was put in the fall and planted with corn under the impression that the wheat was too much injured by the severe winter to grow, and then in the Eastern States the spring was so poor that wherever corn could be planted it was put in, so that the farmers might in some measure make up for the deficiency of the hay. It is estimated that the acreage of corn is fully ten per cent more than last year, and if so there will be an enormous increase. From all sections the crop is reported as growing finely, and with the increased acreage an average yield may be confidently anticipated.

CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

Ebensburg, Pa.,

FRIDAY, - - JULY 30, 1875.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Here, There, and the Other Place.

—Argument Court next Monday.

—"I'll put a Log head on you!" is the la-

—Influenza is playing sad havoc

—[illegible] ranks of Altoona,

—[illegible] hanging and the rain ceased

—[illegible] yesterday afternoon.

—[illegible] county wants a new jail

—[illegible] a new Court House.

—[illegible] in accordance yesterday, with

—[illegible] cold and disagreeable a morn-

—[illegible] fell dead in Indiana coun-

—[illegible] hanging shirts on a

—[illegible] warning.

—[illegible] child of Mr. Albert [illegible] was found dead in

—[illegible] morning last.

—[illegible], whose terrible

—[illegible] Altoona we chronicle

—[illegible] Monday evening last.

—[illegible] of Mr. Wm. Vaughn,

—[illegible] and fractured his left arm,

—[illegible] elbow, one day last

—[illegible] last, Michael O'Brien

—[illegible] accidentally killed by a coal

—[illegible] Station, Westmoreland

—[illegible] fell on a young man

—[illegible], near Scalp Level,

—[illegible] Wednesday of last week,

—[illegible] last night of way of the

—[illegible] Rail Road, is to be

—[illegible] on Monday next, at the

—[illegible] Prof. T. J. Chapman

—[illegible]—Sir, N. N. Keener

—[illegible] the position of Superin-

—[illegible] Johnstown schools. How's

—[illegible] leading can be bought here

—[illegible] per thousand, and pine

—[illegible] as low as $2 per

—[illegible] which still was there, my coun-

—[illegible] on Thursday night last,

—[illegible] on John Brown on

—[illegible] hollowing a gash five

—[illegible] and one inch deep

—[illegible]

—[illegible] for the past three or

—[illegible] nominate of Dexmont,

—[illegible] in Cambria township,

—[illegible], with his mental fac-

—[illegible] section 8.

—[illegible] Conemaugh's tannery,

—[illegible] of Conemaugh county, ex-

—[illegible] of last week, instant-

—[illegible] little daughter

—[illegible] quite severely.

—[illegible] commenced

—[illegible] Brown on Wednes-

—[illegible] a healthy thing for the Re-

—[illegible] confidence to elect Right

—[illegible] Mr. Joseph Kolb,

—[illegible] Westmoreland county,

—[illegible] President Grant's

—[illegible] Marshal, and Collector of

—[illegible] New Orleans, has been doing

—[illegible] of his presence for some

—[illegible] named John Kelly, about

—[illegible] of the finery of a family, was

—[illegible] run over and cut in two

—[illegible] Wall's Accommodation

—[illegible] station, Pa. R. R., on

—[illegible] potatoes, corn and oats in

—[illegible] this year will be impress-

—[illegible] evening in the case of the

—[illegible] almost incessant fall of rain

—[illegible]. The wheat crop too

—[illegible] James Humphreys was

—[illegible] two legs and two men

—[illegible] of the latter fatally,

—[illegible] Plum Shaft No. 2

—[illegible] at Irwin sta-

—[illegible] of much sought after

—[illegible] ladies, and their fore

—[illegible] highly advised as to

—[illegible] and great bargains at

—[illegible], fail to save money

—[illegible] to strangers, but as a

—[illegible] leave to assure the

—[illegible] typhoid fever, not

—[illegible] of disease, is not af-

—[illegible] Ebensburg and other

—[illegible] portion of this county.

—[illegible] the Lord speaketh;"

—[illegible] with the teeth cometh

—[illegible] they are bad ones

—[illegible] about, which he will

—[illegible] Loretto, or rath-

—[illegible] starting the snakes.

—[illegible] Monday last one Gallitzin farmer hitched

—[illegible] his mule and summoned

—[illegible] the hay-field, but after the

—[illegible] mule and badly demoralized

—[illegible] he easily concluded that there

—[illegible] than the Lord's day to haul

—[illegible] hay.

—[illegible] named Wm. Koontz had

—[illegible] turned on Tuesday evening

—[illegible] from a mass of molten

—[illegible] was being passed through the

—[illegible] C. I. Co.'s rolling mill,

—[illegible] night that his sight can

—[illegible] Spencer, better known as "Old

—[illegible] the past twelve years has

—[illegible] the insane department of

—[illegible] house, during which time

—[illegible] engine almost incessantly,

—[illegible] institution at an early hour on

—[illegible] last.

—[illegible] Beatty, of Summerhill town-

—[illegible] the role of somnambulist or

—[illegible] a few nights ago, but when she

—[illegible] at the foot of a long flight of

—[illegible] with one ankle and one arm badly

—[illegible] wisely concluded that as a

—[illegible] somnambulator she was not a suc-

—[illegible] rules the world, and always will.

—[illegible] not force of arms, it's force of

—[illegible] money. No one is forced, however,

—[illegible] their dry goods, groceries, etc., at

—[illegible] Lloyd's cheap cash store, but if

—[illegible] can't come in their pur-

—[illegible] return home with their arms full

—[illegible] cause, they will be forced to buy from

—[illegible] brave man.

—It must be a mistake about John Rodgers having been burned at the stake, for now we read that he was arrested in Tyrone and sent to the Hollidaysburg jail for pilfering some fifteen or twenty dollars from the money drawer of the Bald Eagle Valley Railroad at Bald Eagle station, only a few days ago.

—Mr. V. W. Krise, of Clearfield township, found a double head of wheat and a double head of timothy on his farm last week, and as the aforesaid V. W. K. is of the genus known as "old bachelor," the presumption is fair that Dame Nature has thrown these little reminders in his way to prompt him, if possible, to do a little doubling on his own account.

—A Frenchman named Fred. Wagner was brought to jail here Wednesday night for assault and battery on Constable Quinn, of Conemaugh borough, while that officer was conducting him to the lock-up, whither he was sentenced forty-eight hours for attempting that afternoon while drunk to force an entrance into the house of a widow lady through one of the windows.

—In the matter of towns the Johnstown *Tribune* can Fillmore of Indiana county than was ever dreamed of in our geography, while in the matter of clothing S. J. Hess & Bro., 241 and 243 Main street, Johnstown, can fill more completely and at lower rates the expectations of all buyers than any other dealer in gents' and youths' wearing apparel than Cambria county can trot out.

—We publish elsewhere the other side of the Loretto garter snake story, which we presume is a *fair* statement of the thrilling adventure in all its frightful details. No one who reads it will fail to discover where the laugh comes in, nor be disposed to question the ability of the fair ones to hold their own on the snake question, albeit the first of their sex was by no means a success in that line.

—While in Altoona a few days since we were presented by Mr. P. F. Confer, of the extensive grocery house of Messrs. Confer & McCullough, with a large water melon, but as it didn't pan out well, being one of the first received, we withhold the usual return of thanks until the firm aforesaid sends us a better one, which of course they will. Cantaloupes would be more to our taste, however.

—George Townsend, a young man 22 years of age, skipped out with the show which visited Johnstown on Thursday of last week, after having helped himself to about fifty dollars' worth of wearing apparel belonging to a couple of fellow lodgers at a boarding house in Millville [illegible], but was arrested next day at Stoystown, where he was at work as a canvassman for the show, and is now in jail here awaiting his trial at the next term of the District Court.

—It may now be said with some show of truth that there is a Daily accession to the ranks of the office-seeking fraternity in this county, inasmuch as Mr. Joseph Daily, of Conemaugh borough, has just announced himself as a candidate for Poor House Director, subject to Democratic rules. Mr. Daily is one of Cambria's best and most respected citizens, and having previously performed the duties of the office acceptably, there can be no doubt as to his fitness.

—The father of Mr. Peter Gaughnour, whose terrible injury by the cars at East Conemaugh we noticed last week, and who died from his injuries about 8 o'clock on Friday morning last, was killed almost on the same spot some eighteen years ago, and another son, named after the father, was killed a few years ago at Mineral Point. East Conemaugh has a terrible record in the way of fatal accidents. A large number of railroad employees have there met a horrible fate, and it appears to be those who are most familiar with the "yard," as it is called, who are in the greatest danger.

—Two boys named Frederick and John Werlright aged respectively seventeen and fifteen years, are now in the Somerset jail, charged with horse stealing and malicious mischief. While in the custody of the arresting officer the youngest of them rolled himself off the train, which was going at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour, his hands being tied behind his back, but, singular as it may seem received only a few severe cuts and bruises. The train was stopped and he was once more secured and safely landed in durance vile. They Werlright boys surely to get themselves into such a snap.

—Mrs. Ann Hoy returned to her home near East Conemaugh not many days ago, direct from California, whither she had gone in May, 1872, on a visit to her brother, who subsequently died and on whose estate she administered, only to find, as she alleges, that a certain young lady named Lucinda Goughnour had occupied her bed and board to some extent during her absence—in short, that adultery if not bigamy had been committed. For the latter crime she has thereupon brought suit against her husband, Bartholomew Hoy, and the next District Court will have a chance to ventilate the matter.

—We notice in its proper place the death of William Blain, eldest son of our worthy townsman, Abram Blain, and in referring thereto deem it justly due to the deceased to say that he was a young man who enjoyed the good opinion of every one in the community. Strictly moral and temperate in his habits, and of a retiring and peaceful disposition, his life was a model which many young men in our midst would do well to copy after. On Monday afternoon the remains of the deceased were taken to the Presbyterian church, of which he was a member, and after the usual services they were conveyed to Union cemetery, followed by a large concourse of relatives and friends, white and colored.

—Among the visitors at Belmont, in this place, is Hon. S. W. Moulton, of Shelbyville, Ill., who was a member of Congress at large from that State at the same time that our townsman, Hon. A. A. Barker, represented this district. He is highly pleased with our mountain region, as well as with the accommodations at Belmont, and expresses his agreeable surprise at finding the surrounding country so productive and in such an advanced state of cultivation. He had not been led to expect and therefore more fully appreciates the aspect of nature in this vicinity. Mr. Moulton is a native of Massachusetts, a lawyer by profession, a gentleman of fine address, and was a warm personal as well as political friend of President Lincoln.

—We chronicle with sincere regret the terrible mutilation and no doubt consequent death of an old-time friend in the person of Mr. Andrew McDermott, who was knocked down and run over by a freight train in the upper yard of the Pa. R. R. Co. at Altoona, at an early hour on Monday morning last, receiving injuries, such as the crushing of both of his legs, which can scarcely fail to prove fatal, if indeed death has not already intervened. Mr. McDermott has for many years been employed as night watchman on the Pa. R. R. between the scene of the accident and Norcross cut, and during all that time has been a faithful, trustful servant, as he has always been an honest, upright man. His age is about 65 years and he is the father of a grown up family.

—While we feel sure that nothing we could say would add to the reputation of the well known St. Charles Hotel, Altoona, we deem it not out of place to remark, what every person who has tarried there will admit to be true, that under the management of Mr. Michael Fitzharris thus popular and extensive establishment is being conducted with a degree of success and satisfaction to the traveling public that has never been surpassed at any time in its previous history. It is indeed a model house in all its appointments, and no one who partakes of its hospitality can fail to be impressed with the belief that Mr. Fitzharris knows how to keep a hotel. Therefore it is, dear reader, that we advise you by all means to put up at the St. Charles when you visit Altoona.

—Mr. Wm. A. Jones, who for nearly two years past has been in the employ of Messrs. Lamine & Co., a Centre county firm doing business in Beaufort county, N. C., having charge of the store and shingle-making department of their extensive works, returned to the home of his ancestors in this place, for a two weeks' sojourn, on Friday night last, looking as healthy and happy as in days of yore. Mr. Jones expresses himself highly pleased with the place and the people he now calls his home and his neighbors, and if not exactly a full fledged Democrat, he is so near akin to one in sentiment, now that he has seen how it is himself away down South, that we wouldn't like to bet very high on much of the old leaven being left in his political composition. Be that as it may, he finds hosts of friends here to welcome him back and wish him long continued prosperity wherever his lot may be cast.

A RIFLE TEAM.—Several young gentlemen residing in Ebensburg will turn aside in disgust when they glance at the caption of this item. And it all came about in this way: A letter was forwarded from East Conemaugh, on Thursday last, to "H. D. K." and "F. H. B.," at Ebensburg, and its contents read thus:

DEAR SIRS—We will have a meeting here on Saturday evening at six (6) o'clock, to organize a "Rifle Team" for the county, and want you both to be here. The Team, we think, should consist of *ten* marksmen, and then add some ten or fifteen honorary members. In this way we can very well have all sections of the county represented. Please think the matter over, and try to come down on the Emigrant train, or drive down, if you have the time. We can make a team to beat the Western part of the State. You will be expected; and we don't want you to disappoint us.

Yours, truly,
"J. P.," "W. H. S.," and "R. Z."

The above is a verbatim copy of the letter that was sent to Ebensburg, and the affair seemed so very plausible that Mr. K., who was to be a witness before an arbitration on Saturday, was anxious to have the suit continued until another time; and failing in this, insisted that it should come off in the forenoon instead of in the afternoon. The arbitrators would not accommodate him, and hence he was saved the trouble of journeying down to East Conemaugh, although he sent specific instructions that a place in the Team should be reserved for him.

On Saturday evening, upon the arrival of the Way Passenger train at East Conemaugh, two young gentlemen might have been seen (as an eminent defunct novelist was wont to remark) rapidly alighting and rushing into the ticket-office. One of these was a namesake of the great fiction-writer alluded to—albeit the handle to the cognomen of our mountain friend is Edmund—and he also frequently writes fiction; the other was the "crack-shot" of Cambria and adjoining counties—the winner of watches, rifles, and other things—his initials being F. H. B. Breathlessly the latter inquired of the affable agent at the railroad office up there, where that meeting was to be held, and desired to be conducted into the presence of Mr. Joseph Parks immediately. He was blandly informed that the gentleman inquired for was out of town; and in relation to the meeting, was told that the Borough Council would convene in special session at the usual place at 7½ o'clock, precisely.

Then the eminent marksman looked pensively at his companion, and sadly remared:

"We're sold!"

"It was a lamforgery!" said Edmund.

"Let's go on to Johnstown, and take the first train for home," was the next remark of F. H. B.

So they came down, and admired the scenery in the vicinity of the depot until the Philadelphia Express came along, when they returned. The place that M. Q. insisted upon having among the Team of Ten will be kept open for him; and at the next regular election a captain will be chosen.

The funny part of this story is that the gentlemen whose signatures were appended to the letter of invitation did not know anything in relation to the matter; and we are inclined to believe that Ed. was right when he pronounced it "mlamforgery."—*Johnstown Tribune.*

A MEMORABLE DAY IN CARROLLTOWN.—Sunday last will long be remembered by the people of Carrolltown as one of the most interesting epochs in its religious history, marked as it was with a series of ceremonies and demonstrations incident to and in honor of the first Mass ever offered in St. Benedict's church, in that place, by a priest to the manor born, Rev. Anthony Wertner, son of Mr. Benjamin Wertner, one of the most substantial and most respected citizens of that vicinity. The occasion brought together not only quite a number of the clergy, principally from St. Vincent's College, Westmoreland county, where the newly ordained priest completed his studies, but also attracted such a crowd of people from various sections as Carrolltown never before looked upon. The ceremonies were inaugurated by a grand procession from the Monastery to the church, in which the Rev. clergy, a large number of young girls dressed in white and bearing aloft two beautiful banners, one of which, that of the "Immaculate Conception," was the finest we ever saw, the Carrolltown brass band, preceded by a handsome American flag, and a large number of citizens participated. After filing into the church, which was soon filled to repletion, hundreds indeed not being able to gain admittance, Grand High Mass was at once commenced, with Rev. Anthony Wirtner as celebrant, assisted by Boniface Wirtner, a younger brother, who has recently received minor orders, and by other priests among the following named, all of whom were within the sanctuary enclosure: Revs. Ambrose Huebner, Amandus Kramer, Michael Hoffmayer, Alphonse Heimler, L. L. D and Dr. Ph., Otto Koph, who preached the sermon, and a fine effort we are assured it was by several who understood German; Profs. Rhabanus Goodman, Aloysius O'Gorman, Edwin Pierron, Frederick Hoesel, and Vincent Hoover, also endowed with minor orders. The organ was presided at by Mr. Gregory Flattery, student of St. Vincent's College and son of Judge Flattery, of Johnstown, who by the way is one of the finest players we ever listened to, and the Mass was sung in magnificent style by the very excellent choir, Prof. Severin, leader, and E. L. Binder, of the band adding greatly to the sweet harmonious sounds by an occasional blast upon their fine toned instruments. All in all, it was a grand demonstration throughout, not the least pleasing feature of which was the music discoursed by the band which was certainly very praiseworthy. Mr. and Mrs. Benj. Wertner, parents of the young priest, extended the hospitalities of their fine residence to all the participants in the ceremonies and to many others, whom they warmly welcomed and bountifully provided for.—Rev A. Wertner, it may be proper to say, was born near Loretto in 1850, and having completed a very successful course at College, his future gives promise of great usefulness if not brilliancy in his holy calling.

—On the Philadelphia Express east, on Wednesday evening, says Friday's Johnstown *Tribune*, Mr. A. W. Jackson and wife were passengers, and the husband lifted the baggage that had been checked to Johnstown, taking it along on the homeward trip to Washington. It will be remembered that he took Miss Pringle from Wilmore in 1864, and has been living with her in Washington City since that time, she subsequently becoming his legal wife it is to be presumed, and how she recently left him, having eloped, as he supposed. All this we have published at some length, and there is no necessity for going over the affair again. They stopped at Summerhill for a short time to visit former friends, and then continued their journey. So "all is well that ends well."

—Godfrey Wolf, the champion clothier of Central Pennsylvania, has adopted a new mode of doing business. He will distribute a large quantity of greenbacks, entitling the holder to extra discounts. He has just returned from New York, Boston, Buffalo, Philadelphia, &c., where he purchased an immense stock of clothing, etc, for the fall trade. He will, in order to make room for the new goods, sell his present stock twenty per cent. lower than any other house in Altoona. Call and get a few of his new greenbacks, first door above the postoffice.

—A man at Livermore, Westmoreland county, is said to have in his possession a Roman coin upwards of 1,900 years old, and yet we doubt whether he could, apart from its value as a relic of the long past, buy more for it to-day at the great clothing mart of Jas. J. Murphy, 109 Clinton street, Johnstown, than the same amount in greenbacks would secure to any one visiting that well stocked and remarkably low priced establishment.

—A special excursion train has been put on the Pa. R. R., for the accomodation of visitors who wish to spend Sunday at Cresson or this place. It leaves Pittsburgh every Saturday afternoon at 2:45, reaching Cresson at 6 o'clock and Ebensburg at 6:30. Returning, it leaves here at 5:45 each Monday morning and arrives in Pittsburgh at 9:20, a. m. A good arrangement and one that we hope will pay.

GREAT SNAIX.—*Story of a Sinuous Monster of the Mountain—Any Coolers and Boa Constructors Nowhere.*—The season for snake stories, remarks the Pittsburg *Leader*, is at its height. It doesn't make much difference whether there are any snakes or not, the stories come all the same. But it may be true that serpents are unusually plentiful this year, as the report has been circulated for some time that the camp-meeting grounds are overrun with them, and anybody who would lie about camp-meetings must do it for the sake of injuring the sale of lots. But be that as it may, a snake story of the most enormous dimensions has been started at Loretto, on the Alleghenies. Were it not for the peculiar chirography, there might be ground for suspicion that "Orange Blossom" had gone thither for the summer. But he did not write this:

LORETTO, PA., July 28, 1875.—Yesterday morning the town of Loretto, a charming summer resort situated on the Allegheny mountains, was thrown into the wildest confusion by the appearance on one of the principal highways of an immense snake. It was first discovered by a party of young ladies returning from a morning ramble in the woods. The instant they beheld the monster they seemed to be transfixed to the spot, neither being able to move or utter a sound, but stood gazing with eyes terribly distended, and pale, affrighted countenances on the glittering, moving mass.

The attention of a number of gentlemen on the opposite side of the street was attracted by the strange appearance of the young ladies, and immediately surmising that something unusual was going on, they hastened across the street, and not one moment too soon; for there, coiled into a hundred folds, his head moving to and fro with slow and measured time, his eyes fastened on his intended victims, was the terrible creature, just in the act of springing. Captain McDonald, an officer distinguished in our late war, H. L. McCullough, Esq., one of the stars of the legal profession, and Dr. McConnell, a young physician, gallant and skillful, were the heroes of the occasion. They acted rapidly. Captain McDonald, armed with an immense club, struck at the serpent's head, but the blow was quickly dodged and fell on its body; a well aimed attack from the other gentlemen followed, until the creature, maddened with pain and rage, began the battle in earnest. It was superior agility and low cunning against herculean strength and matchless bravery.

The townspeople rushed excitedly backward and forward in every direction. Very few were calm enough to render any assistance or even watch the combat.

Women and children shut themselves in their houses, and men left their work in the fields to hasten home. Everyone supposed that the serpent would surely conquer, and that death was the awful doom of the gentlemen named, but after the most strenuous exertions and feats of unparalleled bravery on their part, Capt. McDonald, who had been furnished with a scythe, by one dexterous movement severed the reptile's head from its body. Loud cheers and wild huzzas broke out on all sides. The monster being accurately measured was found to be 68 feet 2 inches long and 1½ feet in circumference. Never in our lives did we witness a more thrilling adventure. It reminded one of the blood-curdling accounts of the African jungles.

JUSTICE.

TEACHERS' EXAMINATIONS.—The examinations of candidates for the profession of teacher will be held in Cambria county for the year 1875 as follows:

Johnstown, in Johnstown, August 11th.
Millville, in Millville, August 12th.
Cambria Borough, in Cambria Borough, August 13th.
Conemaugh Borough, in Conemaugh Boro', August 14th.
Carroll Township and Carrolltown Borough, in Carrolltown, August 23d.
Ebensburg, in Ebensburg, August 24th.
Cambria Township, at Myers', August 25th.
East Conemaugh and Franklin Boroughs, in Franklin, August 26th.
Woodvale and Prospect Boroughs, in Woodvale, August 27th.
Coopersdale Boro', in Coopersdale, Aug. 28th.
Munster Township, at Glass's, Sept. 1st.
Loretto Borough and Allegheny Township, in Loretto, Sept 2d.
Chest Springs Borough and Clearfield Township, at Trexler's, Sept. 3d.
Gallitzin Township and Borough, in Gallitzin, Sept. 6th.
Washington Township and Summitville Borough, at Cresson, Sept. 7th.
Wilmore Borough and Summerhill Township, in Wilmore, Sept. 8th.
Croyle and South Fork, at Summerhill, Sept. 9th.
Taylor Township, at Headrick's, Sept. 10th.
Yoder Township, at Bheam's, Sept. 11th.
Jackson Township, at Fairview, Sept. 13th.
Blacklick Township, at Belsano, Sept. 14th.
Adams Township, at Moses Kring's, Sept. 15th.
Richland Township, at Blough's, Sept. 17th.
Conemaugh Township, at Singer's, Sept. 18th.
White Township, at Fallen Timber, Sept. 21st.
Clearfield Township, at Glosser's, Sept. 22d.
Susquehanna Township, at Barr's, Sept. 23d.
Barr Township, at Nicktown, Sept. 24th.

Irregular examinations will be held in the Union School House, Ebensburg, on the 2d, 9th, 16th, 23d and 30th days of October. All examinations will commence at 10 o'clock, A. M., except Millville, Johnstown, Cambria Borough, Conemaugh Borough, Ebensburg, Glass's and Cresson, where they will commence at 9 o'clock, A. M. Applicants are required to bring specimens of their penmanship, and also provide themselves each with paper and a lead pencil.

H. BERG,
County Superintendent.

A YOUNG EBENSBURGER COMPLIMENTED.—The *Farmers' Sentinel*, a Democratic newspaper published in Paducah, Ky., pays the following high but well merited tribute to the ability and integrity of Rhey Boyd, Esq., a young gentleman who needs no introduction to any of our home readers at least:

Among the rising young democrats in this city destined to occupy a conspicuous place in the politics of Kentucky, is Mr. Rhey Boyd, son of Hon. Linn Boyd. Young, talented, with a clear ringing voice, and shrewd in debate, he was the equal of any man in the convention last Monday, and it is due to his arguments that a nomination was made. Rhey is an honored son of an illustrious father, and the democracy of this district will at some future day deck his brow with honors. Talent will win and correct principles will succeed, and Rhey Boyd espouse the cause of the people.

—Mr. J. A. Head, a wealthy and prominent citizen of Latrobe, was found dead in his bed on Sunday morning last. The deceased, who was far gone in consumption—or, to use the more poetic language of the Johnstown *Tribune*, "death had set the seal of its cold clammy fingers upon him"—had just returned the day previous from Salina, Kansas, where he had been in hopes of improving his health, and after remaining up quite late at night, retired to bed, after which nothing more was known of him until about 8 o'clock Sunday morning, when some one went to call him, and, to quote from the same paper, found "that during the night he had slept away into that eternal sleep that knows no mortal awakening."

THE PEOPLE WANT PROOF.—There is no medicine prescribed by Physicians, or sold by Druggists, that carries such evidence of its success and superior virtue as BOSCHEE'S GERMAN SYRUP for Severe Coughs, Colds settled on the Breast, Consumption, or any disease of the Throat or Lungs. A proof of that fact is that any person afflicted can get a Sample Bottle for 10 cents and try its wonderful effects before buying the regular size at 75 cents. It has lately been introduced into this country from Germany, and its remarkable cures are astonishing every one that uses it. Three doses will relieve any case. Try it. Sold by Lemmon & Murray, Ebensburg, and Woleslagle & Son, Wilmore.

Dr. Finneys' Compound Syrup of Buchu is guaranteed to cure Inflammation of the Kidneys and Bladder, painful or suppressed urination so frequent in old age, painful or suppressed menstruation, leucorrhœa or whites, gravel, gleet, stricture, bloody discharges, Bright's disease, brickdust deposits, dropsy, pain in the back or side, sick headache, pimples, blotches and eruptions on the face, and all diseases of a specific or constitutional nature, regardless of duration, age or sex. Compound Syrup of Buchu is a positive and radical cure. For sale by LEMMON & MURRAY, Ebensburg, Pa. [7-23.-6m.]

OBITUARY.

BLAIN.—Died, in this place, on Saturday morning, July 24th, 1875, WILLIAM, eldest son of Abram and Sarah Blain, aged 20 years, 8 months and 22 days.

NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS.—The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Cresson Springs Company will be held at the Mountain House, Cresson Springs, Cambria county, Pa., on MONDAY, AUGUST 2d, 1875, at 12 o'clock, M. Election for President and Directors same day and place.

JAS. R. M'CLURE, Secretary.
July 23, 1875.-2t.

ADVERTISERS send 25 cts. to GEO. P. ROWELL & Co., 41 Park Row, N. Y., for their *Eighty page Pamphlet*, showing cost of advertising.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

$50 TO $10,000
Has been invested in Stock Privileges and paid
900 PER CENT. PROFIT.
"How to Do It," a Book on Wall St., sent free.
TUMBRIDGE & CO.,
Bankers and Brokers, 2 Wall Street, New York.

N. F. BURNHAM'S TURBIN
WATER WHEEL
Has selected, 4 years ago, and put to work in the U. S. Patent Office, D. C., and has proved to be the best. Nineteen sizes made. Prices lower than any other first-class wheel. Pamphlet free.
N. F. BURNHAM, YORK, PA.

NEVER-FAILING
HOWE'S AGUE CURE
Price, $1. Sold by Druggists.
$500 REWARD IF IT FAILS TO CURE.
DR. C. HOWE, SENECA FALLS, N. Y.

Double Your Trade!
Druggists, Grocers and Dealers. *Pure China and Japan Teas* in sealed packages, *screw top cans*, boxes or half chests—*Growers' prices.* Send for circular. THE WELLS TEA COMPANY, 201 Fulton St., N. Y. P. O. Box 4560.

$77 A WEEK guaranteed to Male and Female Agents, in their own locality. Costs NOTHING to try it. Particulars Free. P. O. VICKERY & CO., Augusta, Me.

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GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.,
Editors and Publishers.

A LECTURE TO YOUNG MEN.
Just Published, in a Sealed Envelope. Price 6 cts.
A Lecture on the Nature, Treatment and Radical Cure of Seminal Weakness, or Spermatorrhœa, induced by Self-Abuse, Involuntary Emissions, Impotency, Nervous Debility, and Impediments to Marriage generally; Consumption, Epilepsy, and Fits; Mental and Physical Incapacity, &c.—By ROBERT J. CULVERWELL, M. D., author of the "Green Book," &c.
The world-renowned author, in this admirable Lecture, clearly proves from his own experience that the awful consequences of Self-Abuse may be effectually removed without medicine, and without dangerous surgical operations, bougies, instruments, rings, or cordials; pointing out a mode of cure at once certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.
Sent under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address, *post-paid*, on receipt of six cents, or two post stamps. Address the Publishers,
CHAS. J. C. KLINE & CO.,
4-16-1y. 127 Bowery, New York, P. O. Box 4586.

KEEP IT HANDY.
The Reliable Family Medicine.
DIARRHEA, Dysentery, Cholera, Summer Complaint, Cramps, &c., quickly cured by the use of
JARDELLA'S
Compound Syrup of Blackberry Root and Rhubarb.
An old, well-tried remedy, entirely vegetable, pleasant to take, quick and certain in effect; can be depended on in the most urgent cases; may be given to the youngest infant as well as to adults. It contains
NO CAMPHOR OR OPIUM.
It is a pleasant extract and readily taken by children. It has often saved life when physicians had despaired. Keep it in the house and use in time. All we ask for it is trial. Don't let your dealer put you off with something else. Buy it. Try it. Sold by Druggists and Store Keepers throughout this State. Prepared only by HANSELL & BRO., 2000 Market St., Philadelphia.
July 2, 1875.-3m.

Meyer's Poultry Powder.
Warranted, if used in time, to cure chicken cholera and gapes. With a supply of this Powder and a Dollow of ordinary attention to cleanliness and proper feeding, with a needful supply of dust, grit and eggshell-forming materials, anyone may keep Poultry (even in confinement) for any length of time, with both profit and pleasure. Package 25 cts., five for $1.00. Ask your dealer. Sent free upon receipt of price. Address,
A. C. METER & CO., Baltimore.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned Auditor, appointed by the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county to report distribution of the money in the hands of the Sheriff arising from the sale of the real estate of T. J. APPLE, on writ of ISAAC GATES and others, notifies all persons interested that he will attend to the duties of said appointment, at his office in Ebensburg, on Friday, the 6th day of August next, at 2 o'clock, P. M., when and where they may attend if they think proper.
July 16, '75.-3t. ALVIN EVANS, Auditor.

LICENSE NOTICE.—Petitions for Tavern License have been filed in the office of the Clerk of the Court of Quarter Sessions of Cambria county by the following named persons, and will be presented to the Court of Quarter Sessions of said county on the 2d of August, 1875:

TAVERN LICENSE.

Gallitzin Township—Margaret Kane.
Washington Township—James Mullin.
Allegheny Township—A. J. Christy.

R. M'COLGAN, Prothonotary.
Prothonotary's Office, Ebensburg, July 12, 1875.-3t.

NOTICE.—All persons are hereby cautioned against meddling with certain personal effects bought by me at Sheriff's sale on July 6th, 1875, as the property of CHARLES C. M'CONNIN, and left with him during my pleasure, the same being described as follows: All the potatoes, wheat and corn in the ground on his premises, 1 cooking stove, 1 corner cupboard, 1 table, 1 bedstead and bedding, 1 sink, and all the logs and lumber at his mill.
JOSEPH A. GRAY.
Susquehanna Twp. July 23, 1875. 3t.

WYOMING SEMI-MONTHLY
LOTTERY!
Legalized by the Legislature. Draws on the 15th and 30th of each month. Tickets $1 each, 6 for $5. 1 chance in 5. $200,000 cash prizes. Capital Prize $50,000. Agents wanted. Particulars. Address J. M. PATTEE, Laramie City, Wyoming.
June 25, 1875.-6m.

CHAUTAUQUA LAKE.
Near this beautiful locality is situated an old, richly endowed Seminary for both sexes—
THE CHAMBERLAIN INSTITUTE.
Fall Term opens Aug. 24th. For catalogue address Rev. J. T. EDWARDS, A. M., Principal, Randolph, N. Y. [7-16.-4t.]

HANDS OFF.—This is to caution all persons against interfering in any way with a certain red cow, with white face, which I this day bought at constable's sale, it having been sold as the property of John C. Meloy, and have left in possession of my mother, in Allegheny township, Cambria county, Pa., during my pleasure.
SARAH SANKER.
July 3, 1875. [16.-3t.]

TOUCH NOT!—The following described property, to wit: 1 cow, 1 cast soled sled, 1 log sled, 1 log chain, 1 saddle, 1 cook stove and utensils, 1 set chairs, and 1 clock, bought by me at constable's sale on the 17th instant, has been left with the former owner, AMBROSE LANTZEY, of Barr township, until called for by me. All interference with said property is hereby forbidden.
JOSEPH A. GRAY.
Susquehanna Twp., July 23, 1875.-3t.

NOTICE.—Having purchased and left with JOSEPH YAHNER the following described personal property, to wit: 1 bay mare, 1 new buggy and harness, 1 stove, 4 bedsteads and bedding, 1 clothes press, 1 bureau, and 2 sets blacksmith tools, I hereby caution all persons against interfering with said property.
CONRAD YEAGER.
Chest Twp., July 16, 1875.-2t.

P. A. SHOEMAKER.....WM. H. SECHLER.
SHOEMAKER & SECHLER,
Attorneys-at-Law,
[9-1.] EBENSBURG, CAMBRIA CO., PA. [tf.]

PARASOLS,
STRAW BONNETS
AND HATS,
CLOSING OUT!
AT THE
VERY LOWEST FIGURES.

ALL KIND OF
SUMMER
DRESS GOODS AND DRY GOODS
GREATLY REDUCED IN PRICE AT
Geis, Foster & Quinn's,
Nos 113 and 115 Clinton St., Johnstown.

NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS.

IN accordance with an Act of the General Assembly of this Commonwealth, approved the 8th day of April, A. D. 1872, "relating to the collection of Taxes in the County of Cambria," notice is hereby given to the tax-payers residing in the districts below named, that the County Treasurer, in compliance with the second section of said Act, will attend at the places of holding the Borough and Township elections on the following named days, for the purpose of receiving the County, Poor and State Taxes assessed for the year 1875:

For Wilmore Borough,	Thursday,	August	5th.
" Summerhill Township,	Friday,	"	6th.
" Washington "	Saturday,	Aug.	7th.
" Summitville Borough,	Monday,	August	9th.
" Gallitzin "	Tuesday,	"	10th.
" Gallitzin "	Wednesday,	"	11th.
" Loretto Borough,	Thursday,	"	12th.
" Allegheny Township,	Friday,	"	13th.
" Munster "	Saturday,	"	14th.
" Chest Springs Borough,	Monday,	"	16th.
" Clearfield Township,	Tuesday,	"	17th.
" White "	Wednesday,	"	18th.
" Chest Twp., at O'en Connell,	Thursday,	Aug.	19th, and at A. Anna's, Friday, Aug. 20th.
" Carrolltown Borough,	Monday,	August	23d.
" Carroll Township,	Tuesday,	"	24th.
" Barr "	Wednesday,	"	25th.
" Susquehanna Twp.,	Thursday,	"	26th.
" Cambria Township,	Friday,	"	27th.
" West Ward, Ebensburg,	Saturday,	Aug.	28th.
" Jackson Township,	Monday,	August	30th.
" Blacklick "	Tuesday,	"	31st.
" East Ward, Ebensburg,	Wednesday,	Sept.	1st.

And, in accordance with the second section of said Act, on all taxes paid to the Treasurer before the 1st day of September there will be a reduction of FIVE PER CENT., while five per cent. will be added to all unpaid taxes, and placed in the hands of a constable.
A. D. CHRIST, County Treasurer.
Treasurer's Office, Ebensburg, July 16, 1875.-3t.

THE WALTER A. WOOD
MOWING & REAPING MACHINE.
Strong Local Endorsement.

THE following letter fully explains itself, and needs no comment:

EBENSBURG, PA., April 16, 1875.

To Walter A. Wood, President, etc.

DEAR SIR—This is to certify that I purchased from L. & S. W. DAVIS, your agents in this place, during the year 1872, one of your NEW IRON MOWERS, which I have operated during the past three seasons with entire success. I have used it in cutting fully 200 acres of grass, and have not expended one cent on it for repairs. Like all other machines, it is not perfect, of course, but the only fault I find with it is that it is not arranged with shafts for one horse instead of two, as one horse can very easily operate it in anything like fair ground.

JOHN T. HUGHES,
Residing 4 miles south of Ebensburg.

☞ Parties interested who wish to see the above named Mower or examine the merits of McGeein's Mower and Reaper, Pratt's, Sahler, Clipper and Myers' Hay Rake, Stoner's Fanning Mill, the renowned Imperial Plow, and other first class farming machinery, are invited to call at the Livery and Sale Stable of
L. & S. W

The History of Conemaugh Salt.

When, about seventy or seventy-five years ago, Granny Deemer made a discovery of salt water rising from the earth into a pond on the bank of the Conemaugh river, about a mile above the present site of Saltsburg, and proved the fact by evaporating the water and producing a pretty fair sample of salt, a new era dawned upon the little community scattered along the valley. That condiment, so necessary for human comfort and health, which they were wont to pack over the mountains on horseback from Philadelphia, and retail at twelve cents per half pint, could now be had for the making. We can well imagine the happy effect of the discovery—and it was not lost sight of. Some years after this discovery, and before the construction of the Pennsylvania canal, Wm. Johnston and another person, both men of moderate means, formed a partnership to put down a well for the purpose of getting a supply of salt water for manufacturing purposes. The undertaking proved rather heavy for their limited capital, and for a time the enterprise was abandoned. After a short respite, having secured the necessary means, they returned to the enterprise, and by that indomitable perseverence which will not quail before difficulties, the "bitter water" was reached, and the manufacture of salt by evaporating from kettles or pans was commenced in earnest. Of the ultimate financial success growing out of the enterprise we have no data, but Mr. Johnston was reputed to be pretty well off, and lived and died in the homestead at the Point, within a few yards of where the Loyalhanna empties into the Conemaugh. In his day he was considered a very enterprising citizen. The well put down by this firm at that early day is now some distance out in the channel of the Conemaugh river, the continued washing away of the bottom land having considerably enlarged the channel and enveloped it.

In time, as the country became settled, other parties put down wells and engaged in the business, when in 1830 the Pennsylvania canal was completed, a number of salt manufacturing establishments were in successful operation within two miles of the present site of the town of Saltsburg. The valley in which they were located is wild and forbidding in its aspect, but the wealth that was supposed to lie hid away down in the rocks, dispelled the wilderness of the scenery, and magically metamorphosed it into an elysium, and it was populated with a hardy, enduring, untiring race of people, whose perseverance knew no bounds, and who were content with what they got.

About the year 1817, Andrew Boggs, father of Hon. Jackson Boggs, Judge of the several courts of Armstrong county, who had purchased a considerable body of land and located upon it at this place, laid out and sold the first town lots, and in a short time a town began to rise from the woods. From its inception by common consent it received the name of Saltsburg, purely from the great interest which at that early day absorbed the attention of the people in this locality.

The discovery and manufacture of salt has its parallel in the discovery of petroleum, and men were moved by the same motives to seek for the precious fluid with the prospect of failure rising up before them, and in some instances proving a stern reality. The depth at which salt water is reached in this locality is from five hundred to eight hundred feet, with the rude appliances at that early day one may well imagine the difficulties that beset the putting down of the first well. In 1842 the product of salt in Indiana county had reached 70,000 bushels per annum. We doubt if the product will reach half that quantity at the present time.—*W. McWilliams.*

The Irish in the American Revolution.

It is very generally supposed that in the days of the American revolution the colonies were, with inconsiderable exceptions, all English. This was true to a great extent of Virginia and other southern states. But it appears that New England itself contained a large element of Irish. We have recently referred to the statement of the *Irish World* that a large body of New England militia, that from New Hampshire, at the battle of Bunker Hill, was Irish. The Chicago *Tribune* took exception to this statement of the *Irish World*, and said there was no record of any extensive emigration of Irishmen to New Hampshire before the revolution. The *Irish World* shows that there is such a record; recalls the settlement of Londonderry in 1719 by a colony from Londonderry, Ireland, the sons of which colonists largely made up the eight hundred New Hampshire troops that fought at Bunker Hill under Stark and Reid, both born of Irish parents; and then reminds Americans that it is an error to think that Irish emigration dates only from the famine of 1845. The great tide of emigration to this country, the *World* declares, has always been the Irish. The Germans have made the only exception, and their coming had scarcely begun twenty-five years ago. [An exception, however, should be made in favor of the German settlements in Pennsylvania and the northern portion of Maryland.] In 1771 and 1772, 17,350 emigrants from Ireland reached America; within a fortnight in August of the next year, 3,500 from the same island landed at Philadelphia. The population of the colonies was more largely increased from Ireland than from all other nations in the years before the revolution, and these men brought with them a hostility to Great Britain which counted for a great deal when the struggle came. The Irish names in the history of those days are frequent enough. Two at Bunker Hill have been referred to; and for the cannon and powder used there the patriots are indebted to John Sullivan, afterwards major general, who committed what the historians call the first overt act of war in seizing Fort William and Mary at Newcastle, N. H., with its stores, the winter before. His brother James Sullivan, afterwards governor of Massachusetts, was another active patriot. The first American commodore, John Barry, was an Irishman, and it was an Irishman, Jeremiah O'Brien, who fought and won the first naval action of the revolution, off Machias. The Springfield (Mass.) *Republican* thinks these things are good to remember when the native American spirit begins to rise.

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All styles--Round, Square, Ovai and Oblong--for covering Wax Works, Statuettes, &c.
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INSTYLES AND AT PRICES TO SUIT ALL CUSTOMERS

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GLASSWARE, YELLOW WARE,
WOODEN AND WILLOW WARE,
PROVISIONS and FEED of all kind,
Together with all manner of Western Produce, such as
FLOUR, BACON, FISH, SALT, CARBON OIL, ETC.

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TAILOR AND DRAPER,
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Cast Steel Plow Points.

FARMERS, one and all, are hereby informed that money, time and labor can be saved by using Cast Steel Plow Shares, of which only one has in many cases proved sufficient for a whole season's plowing, and in some soils, by being twice sharpened, one share has lasted two seasons.

They scour bright and make the plow scour and run easier, and are so strong and tough that they will not break. When worn dull, they can be sharpened and tempered by any good blacksmith without disturbing the fitting part.

All regular sizes kept on hand and fit any Pittsburgh Plow.

Any special size or kind made to order.

RETAIL PRICES of POINTS.

	Low cutter.	High cutter.	Remolder.
No. 3, right and left	$1.35	$1.50	$ 80
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Every share has my trade mark and the words "Cast Steel" cast thereon.

☞ Order one of these at once and try it now, and you will buy no more cast points hereafter.

The process of making this Steel is patented, and this quality is made at no other Steel Works but my own.

Cast Steel Axle Boxes and Wagon Skeins also made under patent, having from four to six times the strength and only half the weight of those made of cast iron. J. C. BIDWELL,
Duquesne Way and Garrison Alley,
Pittsburgh, Pa.
Pittsburgh Plough Works, June 4, 1875.-3m.

BLOOD! The BLOOD is the LIFE, and if it is impure the whole system will be diseased. You cannot purify a stream while the spring is corrupt; neither can you impart good health to the human body while the blood is conveying the seeds of disease to all parts of it. Therefore PURIFY the BLOOD, and nature will heal the disease. No remedy has ever been discovered which has effected so great a number of *permanent* cures as

LINDSEY'S
IMPROVED BLOOD SEARCHER!

It is rapidly acquiring a national reputation for the cure of

Scrofulous Affections, Cancerous Formations, Erysipelas, Boils, Pimples, Ulcers, Sore Eyes, Scald Head, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Mercurial and all Skin Diseases.

The remedy is a Vegetable Compound, and cannot harm the most tender infant. Ladies who suffer from the debilitating diseases known as FEMALE COMPLAINTS will find speedy relief by using this remedy. Beware of counterfeits. The genuine has our name—R. E. SELLERS & CO., Pittsburgh,—on the bottom of each bottle.

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MILLINERY & DRESS MAKING.—The attention of the Ladies of Ebensburg and vicinity is directed to the fact that MRS. R. E. JONES has just received an invoice of new and fashionable Millinery Goods, at her rooms in the East Ward, Ebensburg. Wedding Bonnets, Hats, etc., a specialty. Dressmaking promptly and neatly done. The patronage of the ladies is respectfully solicited. [6-1.-tf.]

AN ENGLISH CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS.—There is a prescription in use in England for the cure of drunkenness, by which thousands are said to have been assisted in recovering themselves. The recipe came into notoriety thro' the efforts of John Vine Hall, commander of the Great Eastern steamship. He had fallen into such habitual drunkenness, that his most earnest efforts to reclaim himself proved unavailing. At length he sought the advice of an eminent physician, who gave him a prescription, which he followed faithfully for seven months, and at the end of that time had lost all desire for liquor, although he had for many years been led captive, which he afterward published, and by which so many drunkards have been assisted to reform, as follows: "Sulphate of iron five grains; magnesia, ten grains; peppermint water, eleven drachms; spirits of nutmeg, one drachm; twice a day." This preparation acts as a stimulent and tonic, and partially supplies the place of the accustomed liquor, and prevents that absolute physicial and moral prostration that follows a sudden breaking from the use of stimulating drinks.—*Scientific American.*

AN EASY WAY TO BANISH CROWS.—J. W. Bliss, of Bradford, Vt., adopted a novel way to keep the crows from his corn. A few days ago he found quite a flock busily engaged in a twelve-acre lot belonging to him. He procured a couple of small spring-traps, such as are used in catching muskrats, and set them some distance apart between the rows, scattering along a few kernels of corn. Not long after he heard a hubbub and cawing in the field loud enough to waken the mythical seven sleepers, while the fence and trees near by were nearly black with crows. He didn't trouble them for a couple of hours, though they did him by their continual noise, after which he released the two caught in the traps. Since that time the crows have given that field a wide berth, not having been seen in the immediate vicinity. This way of getting rid of crows seems much preferable to shooting, as no northern bird does so much scavenger work as the crow.

A POST OFFICE agent traveling in Texas tells of the successful use of the gall of a rattlesnake as an antidote for the bite of that reptile. In the case spoken of relief was almost instantaneous to the patient, who was writhing in paroxysms of great pain, rapidly swelling and becoming purple. A friend of the writer, who spent several years in California and New Mexico, saw the same remedy successfully used among the Indians in the latter country. In one instance an Indian's dog near the camp was bitten in the nose by a large rattlesnake. The Indians immediately opened the reptile and administered the gall. The cure was rapid and effectual.

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Cures Neuralgia, Face Ache, Rheumatism, Gout, Frosted Feet, Chilblains, Sore Throat, Erysipelas, Bruises and Wounds of every kind in man or animal. The remarkable cures this remedy has effected classes it as one of the most important and valuable remedies ever discovered for the cure and relief of pain.

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AS WE ALL KNOW, BUT THE
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Blank Books, Deeds, Notes and Bonds; Cap, Post, Commercial and all kinds of Note Paper; Envelopes, Pens, Pencils, Arnold's Writing Fluid, Black and Red Ink, Pocket and Pass Books, Magazines, Newspapers, Novels, Histories, Bibles, Religious, Prayer and Toy Books, Penknives, Pipes, &c.

☞ We have added to our stock a lot of FINE JEWELRY, to which we would invite the attention of the Ladies.

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THE undersigned respectfully informs his numerous customers and the public generally that he is prepared to manufacture BOOTS and SHOES of any desired size or quality, from the finest French calf-skin boots to the coarsest brogans, in the VERY BEST MANNER, on the shortest notice, and at as moderate prices as like work can be obtained anywhere.

Those who have worn Boots and Shoes made at my establishment need no assurance as to the superior quality of my work. Others can easily be convinced of the fact if they will only give me a trial. Try and be convinced.

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Cooking Stoves,
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The subscriber also proposes to keep a full and varied assortment of

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☞ SPOUTING and ROOFING made to order and warranted perfect in manufacture and material. REPAIRING promptly attended to.

All work done by me will be done right and on fair terms, and all STOVES and WARE sold by me can be depended upon as to quality and cannot be undersold in price. A continuance and increase of patronage is respectfully solicited, and no effort will be wanting to render entire satisfaction to all.

VALLIE LUTRINGER.
Ebensburg, Oct. 13, 1870.-tf.

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Wholesale and Retail Manufacturers of
TIN, COPPER AND SHEET-IRON WARE,
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Heating, Parlor and Cooking Stoves,
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ROOFING and SPOUTING made to order and warranted perfect in manufacture and material.

Orders respectfully solicited and promptly attended to, and polite attention accorded to all, whether they purchase or not.

Altoona, Sept. 5, 1873.-tf.

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MONUMENTS, HEAD and TOMB STONES, COUNTER and CABINET SLABS, MANTELS, &c., manufactured of the very best Italian and American Marbles. Entire satisfaction guaranteed in price, design and execution of work.

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Physician and Surgeon,
EBENSBURG, PA.

Office on High street, nearly opposite Blair's Hotel. Residence, Town Hall, Julian street, where night calls should be made [4-4.-tf.]

M. J. BUCK, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
CARROLLTOWN, PA.

Office in rear of John Buck's store. Night calls may be made the residence of John Buck, Esq. [April 4, 1873.-tf.]

GEO. M. READE, *Attorney-at-Law*, Ebensburg, Pa. Office on Centre street, three doors from High street. [aug.-27,'73.]

USEFUL RECIPES.

To harden a wooden pulley, let it for about eight minutes in olive oil.

A putty of starch and chloride of zinc hardens quickly, and lasts as a stopper of holes in metals for months.

A glue which will resist the action of water is made by boiling 1 pound of glue in 3 quarts of skimmed milk.

Equal proportions of turpentine, linseed oil, and vinegar, thoroughly applied and then rubbed with flannel, is an excellent furniture polish.

An ink composed of copperas 1 part, dissolved in ten parts nitric acid, 2 parts water being afterwards added, is useful for marking on tin or zinc labels.

Glycerin paste for office use may be prepared by dissolving 1 oz. gum arabic and 2 drachms glycerin, in 1 oz. boiling water.

For silvering metals, 10 parts nitrate of silver, 10 parts common salt, and 10 parts cream of tartar may be used. Moisten the powder with water and rub ready to apply.

White horn buttons may be made to imitate mother-of-pearl by being boiled in a saturated solution of sugar of lead, and then laid in very dilute hydrochloric acid.

A good cement for chemical and electrical apparatus may be prepared by mixing 5 lbs. resin, 1 lb. wax, 1 lb. red ocher, and 2 ozs. plaster of Paris, melting the whole with moderate heat.

Awnings can be rendered waterproof by plunging the fabric into a solution containing 20 per cent. of soap, and afterwards into another solution containing the same percentage of sulphate of copper. Wash, and the operation is finished.

When it is not convenient to take a lock apart to fit a new key, the new blank should be smoked over a candle, inserted in the keyhole, and pressed firmly against the opposing wards of the lock. The indentations in the smoked portion made by the wards will show where to file.

A good welding composition is made of borax fused with one sixteenth its weight of sal ammoniac, cooled, pulverized, and combined with an equal weight of quick lime. The compound is sprinkled on the red hot iron, and the latter replaced in the fire.

To extract rust from steel, immerse the article to be cleaned in a solution of ½ oz. cyanide of potassium in a glass full of water until the discoloration and rust disappear. Then clean by means of a tooth brush with a paste composed of cyanide of potassium, Castile soap, whitening, and water.

The following is a simple method of obtaining copies of writing without the use of a copying press: Mix one part sugar with the ink, 1½ drams to 1 oz. ink. Use this with an ordinary pen, and place over the writing a moistened sheet of unsized paper; then both leaves between two layers of carpet; put the whole under a pressing board large enough to cover, and stand on the board for a few minutes. An excellent impression will be obtained on the copying paper.

COOLING THE ATMOSPHERE.—Arnott recommends that a dish of water large enough to present a good surface of water be placed in rooms when the heat is oppressive and the weather changed once or twice on warm days, to secure a general lowering of the temperature. The hot air in the room takes up the water in the dish, the atmospheric vapor and dishes cause greater coolness of the water than without the room, until air and water become of the same temperature. He says that this takes place fresh water should be put in the dish. He says that he has found a tumbler full of water "vital" enough when he has been shut in a small study, but the greater the surface of the water is, contact with the air the more effectual will be the diffusion of atmospheric vapor. The writer does not say whether the doors and windows are to be kept open or closed, a condition that might have important bearing on the success of the experiment. The thing is rather doubtful as to its feasibility, but easy enough to try, with the doors and windows either shut or open, and with a vessel containing any quantity of water, from a tumbler full to a pail full.

For the preservation of timber from decay, so many and different methods have been introduced, that the civil engineers and constructors appear to be in doubt as to which is on the whole to be preferred. It is, however, believed that one of the most effective of these curious processes consists in subjecting the wood to a temperature above the boiling point of water, and below that of Fah., while immersed in a bath of creosote a sufficient length of time to expel the moisture. When the wood is thus expelled, the pores contain only steam, the hot oil is then quickly removed, placed by a bath of cold oil, by means of which change the steam in the pores of the wood is condensed, and a vacuum formed, into which the oil is forced by atmospheric pressure and capillary attraction. It is thought that this wood platform, thoroughly treated in this manner, would last from twenty to thirty years, and prove superior to a stone platform during that entire period.

APROPOS of the approaching pickling season, the following is promising: Take the head from a keg, fill it with the handsomest ripe peaches you can find, all the whiskey it will hold, then head it up again. In winter they will be found beautifully preserved, with the bloom all on, and with a slight steaming and scalding in syrup, they make a delicious accompaniment to ice cream, far superior to any brandied peaches. The peach-whiskey which remains will be found excellent for mince pies or pudding sauce.